

California Historical Society

Quarterly

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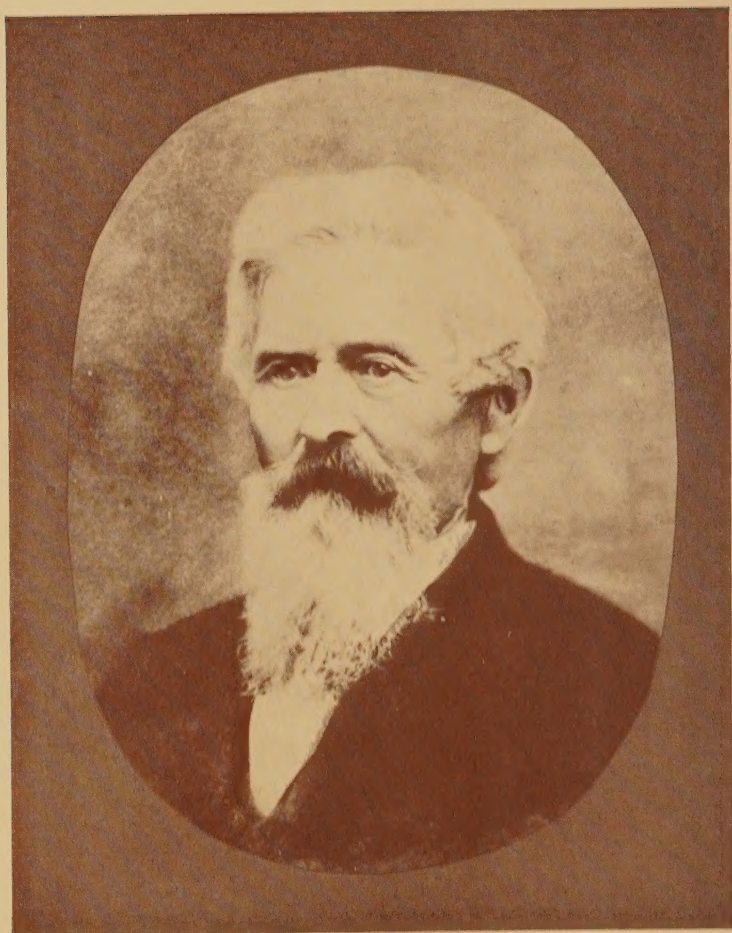
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Corresponding Secretary: DOROTHY H. HUGGINS

Office: 456 McALLISTER STREET, SAN FRANCISCO



DR. SAMUEL GREGG GEORGE

From a photograph in Odd Fellows Hall at Porterville,
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PIONEER VISITORS TO DEATH VALLEY AFTER THE FORTY-NINERS

By CARL I. WHEAT

THOUGH FEW tales of early western adventure have as forcibly caught and held the attention of later generations as those which recount the trials of the first white men to traverse the great desert sink now known as Death Valley, it is only in recent years that positive effort has been put forth to trace "on the ground" the various trails of which the pioneers spoke and wrote so feelingly. Indeed, until very recently Death Valley has been a veritable *terra incognita*, comparatively inaccessible to most travelers—an area always difficult and frequently dangerous to traverse. Save for an occasional prospector, the region remained for many years almost as empty and untouched by man as it had been before the forty-niner parties straggled across its salty *playas*.

It is true that for a brief period during the eighties the "Twenty-Mule-Teams" of the Borax Company came and went across the desert. But even then—save for a few miserable Shoshone Indians—of permanent residents there were none,¹ and for the most part those who braved the valley's depths were unlettered men, unfamiliar with the region's history, and curious respecting those who preceded them only as tales of mineral discoveries had been handed down from the pioneer parties.

Under these circumstances it was quite natural that strange and fantastic tales came to be told about this legendary valley. It was declared to be a spot crawling with poisonous reptiles and alive with deadly scorpions and centi-

pedes. Birds flying high in air were said to fall, gasping and dying, brought to earth by noxious vapors exuded by the valley's grisly *playas*. It was—according to these tales—a veritable Dante's Hell.

Equally curious and fantastic stories long since grew up respecting the early white pioneers of the valley. Usually these yarns have had it that "all but three," or "all but a handful" of these luckless emigrants perished in its depths. Indeed, as late as 1922, when Edna Brush Perkins published her entertaining book "The White Heart of Mojave," she found herself baffled in every effort to discover even the barest facts about the valley's early visitors. Each old-timer with whom she talked had a different version of the tale, and she remarked that "no one is very clear about his own." She writes:

One story is of a party of emigrants, men, women, and children, on the way to the gold-fields with all their household goods, who entered the Valley and could not find a way out; another is of a party who were attacked by Indians and fought in a circle they made of their wagons until the last man was killed. The remains of the wagons are said to be buried in the sand near a place called Stovepipe Wells. We never could learn the exact location, though on a later trip we met a man who said that he had once actually found them, and that he had seen Indians around there wearing jewelry and using utensils which they could only have obtained from the white man sometime in the fifties. There are also stories of individual prospectors who perished on the burning sands. It does not matter what particular tragedy fastened such names on this region of celestial day, they commemorate all those whose last sight of the earth was that lonely splendor.²

That the stories of the earliest wanderers in this region were thus lost for so long a period is hardly to be wondered at. Indeed, the astonishing thing is that anything save legend has come down over the intervening years. A number of the earliest visitors apparently left no record, save through a few brief hints contained in narratives of others. In respect to the Forty-niner parties, William Lewis Manly's *Death Valley in Forty-Nine*, published in San Jose in 1894, offers the most complete picture from the pen of an eyewitness. It is basic source material, even though it was written many years after the events with which it deals. After Manly's account, the most important document is the all-too-sketchy "Log" of Sheldon Young, a member of the Jayhawker party.³ In addition, there are a few brief entries in a journal purportedly kept by Captain Asa Haynes of that party⁴; certain articles in the San Jose *Pioneer*⁵; the diaries of Elder Addison Pratt and others of the group of Mormons who accompanied Captain Jefferson Hunt's party from Salt Lake City to Southern California during the winter of 1849-50⁶; the account written by Jacob Stover, who started on the asserted "cut-off" that was to lead to Death Valley, but who soon returned to Hunt's trail⁷; the highly important but as yet unpublished journal of William B. Lorton, who also missed Death Valley⁸—and finally the mass of valuable but as yet largely undigested material contained in the remarkable collection known as the "Jayhawker Papers," now happily preserved in The Huntington

Library. These last consist of an extensive mass of letters, clippings and like ephemeral items, brought together during his lifetime by John B. Colton, the seventeen-year old boy of the Jayhawker party; and their chance discovery some years ago on the shelves of a second-hand book store in Los Angeles by Mr. Leslie H. Bliss of that institution was, in itself, a remarkable and fortunate circumstance.

Legends have a curious way of persisting, even when their lack of substance has long been widely recognized. Even today the Sunday supplements and popular journals frequently carry wholly unfounded stories of this desert region, whose very name has contributed materially to the persistence of such tales. In the examination of data in respect to early visitors to this region much care is therefore necessary, in order that fact may be winnowed from fiction and truth separated from the ever-present legend. As a result of an examination of these problems undertaken some years ago by the writer, a fairly complete outline of the earliest parties' adventures has become possible,⁹ and during the course of that study considerable data was accumulated respecting other early visitors to Death Valley during the decades which followed the Forty-niners' trek. Much of this material stems from newspaper entries and similar highly ephemeral sources, for practically no other form of record has been left by many of these desert adventurers. It is with these later-comers that the present article is concerned.

Although it is possible that other emigrant parties bound for the California goldfields wandered into Death Valley during the fifties, and although it is highly probable that the surveyors of the San Bernardino meridian, as well as numerous prospectors, and a number of Mormons, visited the region prior to 1860, little record has yet been found to substantiate such visits. As early as 1850, however, one group, under the leadership of Dr. E. Darwin French, apparently invaded the area, and a brief though circumstantial account of the expedition appeared in the San Francisco *Bulletin* for February 10, 1869, under the caption, "An Undeveloped Region."

Dr. E. Darwin French's Expedition of 1850. This was apparently the first of many parties to enter the desert in search of the fabulous "Gunsight Lead." The story was a good one, and for three-quarters of a century it has lured prospectors to the Death Valley region. A member of one of the 1849 emigrant parties, so the story goes, picked up one day in a wild spot on the desert a piece of metallic "float" which he later pressed into service to replace a lost sight on his rifle. The gunsmith who fixed the gun for him became curious when he discovered that this natural bit of metal was nothing less than a piece of pure metallic silver. Before long the story had spread far and wide, and prospectors soon commenced the determined search that has gone on ever since for the source of this legendary "hunk of float."

In the *Bulletin* article above-mentioned, H. G. Hanks asserts that the discoverer of the silver gunsight was a man named Turner, apparently none

other than one of the two "Turner boys" mentioned by the Rev. James W. Brier in 1879 as having been among the group of young Mississippians, under Captain Towne, who left the Briers' and Jayhawkers' "Camp of the Horse Bones" in Panamint Valley early in January, 1850, and headed west on an old Indian trail over the Argus Range. In May of that year, according to Hanks, a party of prospectors, accompanied by Turner, stopped at Fort Tejon en route to the desert in quest of the "Lead." Here they met Dr. E. Darwin French, then ranching nearby—apparently the same French met by Manly and Rogers near San Fernando Mission when they came out from Death Valley to obtain assistance for the stranded Bennett-Arcane party.

The group returned from their trip, having been unsuccessful in their exploratory efforts, but four of them (Judge Ricard and Messrs. Randall, Miller and De Quine), together with Dr. French and an Indian guide, discussed the problem with Turner and one "Toun"¹⁰ and decided to try again. This expedition was also unsuccessful in its search for silver or gold. Apparently French and the group of prospectors crossed the Argus Range from west to east, either by way of Darwin Wash or at a point south of Maturango Peak, over the pass that had been used by Towne's party in leaving Panamint Valley. Whether the group actually entered Death Valley is not certain, though it seems probable that at least some of the party did so. On their return Turner planned a third attempt to find the lead, but the snows set in early and dissuaded him from carrying out his intent.

Nothing further is known of either Turner or Towne, but Dr. French was again to visit Death Valley in search of silver, after the discovery of the "Comstock Lode" far to the north. In 1869 he was living at San Jose where he told his story to Hanks.

Mormon Expeditions During the Fifties. No record has yet been found of several Mormon prospecting expeditions, said to have been made into Death Valley during the period from 1851 to 1858 when the route between Salt Lake City and the colony of "Saints" at San Bernardino was most frequented. However, there seems to be no good reason to doubt the fact that such expeditions were actually made, and it is possible that a search of the Church Archives at Salt Lake City might bring to light reports of these explorations. In 1883 the California State Mineralogist stated definitely in his annual report that "Furnace Creek" was named by Dr. French in 1860 as a result of his discovery of a group of crude rock furnaces, by the use of which a party of Mormons "had extracted lead from galena to make bullets to be used against the United States troops in 1857."

The San Bernardino Meridian Survey. About 1854 it was determined to survey the San Bernardino meridian, and a party was sent north to perform this task. Apparently the work was completed across the Mojave Desert, and it seems probable that the party may have entered Death Valley from the south. About this time the United States Surveyor General for California

published maps purporting to show detailed surveys east of the Sierra Nevada to and including what would be the Death Valley region. However, the absurdity of certain items on these maps—such as those showing parts of the rough and precipitous Panamint and Argus mountain ranges divided into regular townships and sections, as if these lofty and rugged areas were flat plains fit for agriculture—leads to the belief that the “surveyors” never actually saw this region.

The French Expedition of 1860. The discovery in 1858 of rich silver leads at Virginia City, near the western boundary of what was then Utah territory, led to active exploration by venturesome prospectors of most of the desert areas that stretch east from the Sierra Nevada. By 1860, when Nevada territory was carved out of the western half of Utah, the wonders of the “Comstock Lode” were being widely discussed, and about March 20 of that year a party of prospectors from Oroville, in the northern California gold-producing area, moved south from Butte County, through Sacramento and Stockton, to Visalia, bound for the Death Valley area and the “Gunsight Lead.” This group adopted the pretentious title of the “Butte Mining and Exploring Company,” and consisted of Dr. W. C. Waldron and Messrs. M. H. Farley, J. H. Lillard, W. R. Finch, William McIntyre, Robert Bailey, Jacob Nash, J. M. Weston and James Hitchens. They were guided by none other than Dr. E. Darwin French, the explorer of 1850.

Mr. Lillard wrote on July 7, 1860, to George H. Crosette, editor of the *Weekly Butte Record* at Oroville, that the group had embarked on “a general prospecting tour east of the Southern Sierra Nevada, our paramount object being the rediscovery of a mine of native silver said to have been found within a radius of one hundred miles from Owens Lake in the year 1849, by a company of lost emigrants.”¹¹

The party had crossed Walker Pass on April 11, and arrived at “Little Lake” on the 14th. Here camp was made while Dr. French was given an opportunity to explore the area to the east, in order “to ascertain the course he had taken in 1850.” A preliminary trip into the mountains northeast of Little Lake was unsuccessful, though Mr. McIntyre did pick up some rather good-looking metallic float, containing a small amount of silver. This find whetted the party’s appetite, and shortly thereafter Dr. French was successful in finding a spot where he had camped ten years before when he (and possibly Turner and Towne) had searched for the “Gunsight Lead.”

Making a permanent camp at this location (probably somewhere in the Coso Range southeast of Owens Lake) a party was sent out to find the pass which French had traversed in 1850 over the Argus mountains. After some difficulty, the pass was found and shortly a party consisting of Messrs. French, Hitchens, McIntyre and Lillard started on a nine-day tour of exploration to the east. Apparently this party crossed the Panamints directly east of the mouth of Darwin Wash, which they named after Dr. French. The

party also named "Towne's Pass" after French's erstwhile companion and leader of the "Mississippi Boys" of 1849. The group then descended into Death Valley and camped at the brackish spring later named "McLean's Spring" and now known as "Jayhawker Well," where the Jayhawkers burned their wagons in 1849. Here they found many relics of the emigrant parties.

Moving south, the group camped near the Travertine Spring in Furnace Creek Wash, naming the dry watercourse from some crude rock "furnaces" in which the group of Mormons, already mentioned, had assertedly melted lead for bullets out of galena ore in 1857. And in all probability the party proceeded even farther to the east, possibly across the Amargosa Desert. They soon returned, however, over their outbound route, to the main camp northeast of Little Lake. Here, in the Coso Mountains, they discovered what appeared to be several good "leads," and they hopefully renamed their party the "Coso Gold and Silver Mining Company," Mr. Hitchens being elected President and Superintendent. By this time numerous prospectors had followed the Butte County group into this general area, and the Coso Mining District was therefore formed. Mr. Farley had taken specimens out to the coast for assay, and now returned with favorable reports, crossing the Sierra Nevada over a newly-opened pass directly east of Visalia.

Apparently the Death Valley exploration made by French and his party yielded nothing in the way of mining prospects, for neither he nor any of the other members of the group seems to have returned to the valley. Indeed, the extreme heat and general lack of water supply of that region led them to express the conclusion that the country to the east of the Cosos was relatively worthless from a mining point of view.

Historically, however, the French expedition of 1860 was of large import. Not only did it leave a permanent imprint on the country in the names of the mining area of Darwin, and of Darwin Wash, Towne's Pass, Furnace Creek and Telescope Peak (named by John Lillard), but it is of particular interest today because on one of the large lava boulders at the "Jayhawker Spring," not far from Towne's Pass, there is found scratched in large letters deep in the rock's "desert varnish" the following inscription:

HITCHENS 1860

On the earlier maps of the Death Valley Region a "Hitchens Spring" is to be found in this general region. This name was formerly supposed to refer to the spring now known as "Emigrant Spring," but since the rediscovery of the Jayhawker Spring in 1936 it has become clear that Dr. French's party, like its predecessor of 1849, missed Emigrant Canyon and instead found water in the little canyon to the west, where Hitchens carved his name, and where, eleven years before, young Billy Roods had scratched his historic inscription: "W. B. R. 1849."

No further information has been located respecting Captain Towne, one

or more of whose little party of "Mississippi Boys" apparently started all the excitement about the "Gunsight Lead." Only one other mention of him has been found. Mrs. Julia Brier many years later remarked succinctly that Towne was killed some years after 1850 by Indians, somewhere in the Tulare region.¹² No confirmation of this report has been found in any other record.

The George Expedition of 1860. Shortly after Dr. French and his party had explored the Death Valley region during the early summer of 1860, Dr. S. G. George, of Visalia, visited the valley with another party of prospectors, among whom were Dr. W. B. Lilley, William T. Henderson, Stephen Gregg, Henry O'Hara, and Moses Thayer. This group followed the French party's trail as far as Death Valley and camped for three weeks at the "Jayhawker Well," where that party had burned its wagons. Coming back around Tucki Mountain, Dr. George discovered the entrance to Emigrant Canyon and named the large flowing spring "Marble Spring" (now known as "Emigrant Spring"). On Christmas Day, 1860, the party crossed over into Wild Rose Canyon near the site of the present Death Valley National Monument Summer Headquarters, and on that day discovered a deposit of antimony ore which was appropriately named the "Christmas Gift Lode." This was the first mining claim to be located in the Panamint Range, which was named during this expedition by Dr. George for the Indian tribe inhabiting the valley just to the west.

Dr. Samuel Gregg George was a remarkable character. He arrived in Visalia about 1856, and was one of the first physicians to settle permanently in the San Joaquin Valley. From the late seventies until his death he lived in Porterville, where he died on April 5, 1906, at the ripe age of 92. In 1875 Dr. George wrote a series of articles on the "Early History" of the Panamint region for the *Panamint News*, the now excessively rare little paper which was published in Panamint City for a short period during the heyday of that wild camp in Surprise Canyon.¹³

It seems that just before Christmas, 1860, Dr. George and Mr. Henderson had visited the Slate Range, where they met William Lewis Manly (of 1849 Death Valley fame) and Charles Alvord, a well-known prospector, searching for some rich leads which Alvord claimed to have discovered on a previous trip. A short time later they again met Manly and Alvord at Indian Wells, out of provisions, and helped them out over Walker Pass. On April 1, 1861, the members of the "Rough and Ready Mining Company" met at Visalia and named A. H. Clark President, Thomas Baker, Secretary, Dr. S. G. George, Treasurer, and Dennis Searles, Thomas Baker, Robert Bailey, A. H. Clark and Thomas D. Baird as a Board of Trustees.¹⁴ It was Dennis Searles who later located the rich chemical deposits of the remarkable "Searles Lake," which had proved so disappointing to the forty-niner parties.¹⁵

Shortly thereafter, a new George party, to which there had been added J. R. Bell, J. W. Rolf, and William Waters, returned to the desert, joining at

Walker Pass the "New World Mining and Exploring Company," under Col. W. P. Russ, of San Francisco. The combined group moved on to the Coso region and later crossed over into Wild Rose Canyon where they formed the "Telescope Mining District," their organization from that time forward being known as the "Combination Gold and Silver Mining Company."¹⁶ So far as now appears, these prospectors of the Wild Rose Canyon region made no further exploration of Death Valley itself, though numerous individuals and small groups of prospectors may well have wandered through the valley at about this time. If so, they apparently have left no record of their explorations.

Manly Revisits the Desert. Sometime during the year 1860, William Lewis Manly, who had been mining for some years at Moore's Flat, in Nevada County, California, received an invitation from William R. Stockton, a Southern California friend, to join him and Charles Alvord in attempting to relocate a rich claim which Alvord had discovered in or near Death Valley some time previously.

Alvord, it seems, had been on the desert the year before with a party of Mormon prospectors, who, with Asahel Bennett, of the 1849 Death Valley emigrant party, had gone in search of the "Gunsight Lead." They had prospected for some time in the Panamints, probably camping in or near Butte Valley at the southern end of the range. One day Alvord brought into camp some good-looking ore, apparently silver-bearing, and the party returned to the coast to have it assayed, where it was found to contain some silver but mostly lead. Alvord, however, had with him some other specimens which he had not shown his companions. To his surprise, these were found to be of great richness, and he broached his secret to Bennett¹⁷ and to Manly's friend Stockton, who lived near Mission San Gabriel.

The word somehow got out, and quite a party joined Bennett and Alvord and accompanied them to the desert in search of this apparently remarkable lead. The snow was much deeper now, however, and Alvord could not find any of the rich ore. Some of the Mormons in the party at once proposed to hang him as an imposter, but he prevailed on them to let him try once more. When he was again unsuccessful, they decided to go out to the settlements, leaving Alvord there to make his way out if he could, and it is said that of all the party only Bennett said "Good-bye" when they left.

Just about the time that Bennett arrived at Stockton's home near San Gabriel, Manly came in, in response to Stockton's letter. The two companions of the 1849 trek were much pleased to be reunited, and Manly decided to go out to Death Valley in an attempt to save the prospector.¹⁸ The group consisted of Manly, Bennett and Caesar Twitchell, a neighbor of Stockton. They started at once with nine mules, traveling by way of Mission San Fernando and thence over Manly's old trail of 'forty-nine. Crossing the Mojave Desert, they passed the "Little Willow Corral" and went up the canyon of the colored

walls to Indian Wells Valley, searching along the route for John Galler's "lead" as well as for signs of Alvord (Galler, of the 'forty-nine party, was also rumored to have brought out certain rich "float").

On they went, past Indian Wells and over the Argus Range to Deacon Richard's "Providence Spring," a few miles northwest of Searles Lake and the present-day town of Trona. Here Manly found the stones still standing in two little rows where the party he had saved in Death Valley had cooked their dinner on their way out to the settlements. He felt sick at heart as he recalled his struggles on this desert a decade before, but the probable starving condition of Alvord kept the little group on the move.

Pushing ahead rapidly, they crossed Searles Lake Valley and clambered over the bare summit of the Argus Pass, where they found poor old "Father" Fish's bones still scattered among the rocks, on the spot where he had fallen a decade before. Down went the group into and across Panamint Valley, and up the same canyon that Manly and Rogers had climbed with the little one-eyed mule, and through which the Bennett party had escaped from Death Valley. Camping at the spring just above the dry falls which had proved such an obstacle on that former trip, they found that Alvord's earlier party had built a trail for their mules up alongside the fall.

That evening they heard footsteps in the canyon below, and who should come into camp but Alvord himself, following the tracks of their mules. He was out of grub and was glad enough to meet the rescue party. The next morning, having no further need to scale the heights above, the four men descended the canyon and went north in Panamint Valley a few miles to a "lonely, dark canyon" where they found water and some little willows. This was probably the entrance to what was later to be known as Surprise Canyon, and the campground was apparently on or near the spot where old Chris Wicks has built his cabin and lived alone for so many years, in the wild gorge some six miles below the ruins of "Panamint City."

Here Bennett and Twitchell left Alvord and Manly, and, taking all the mules, started out across the desert for supplies. After waiting the length of time agreed upon for them to return, the campers grew fearful and started out afoot to meet them, leaving a note at the camp in case they should miss each other on the trail. Their grub was now nearly exhausted, and once more Manly experienced the trials of crossing, on foot and hungry, the Panamint Valley, the Argus Range, Searles Lake Valley, again the Argus Range, and finally Indian Wells Valley, broad and barren. At Indian Wells he and Alvord had but one biscuit left, but they pressed on, though a bit falteringly because of Alvord's sudden lameness, when fortunately they met a party of horsemen returning to Visalia. Alvord had seen them "two months before in the Death Valley country," and now they shared their food with the stranded pair and let Alvord ride one of their horses over Walker Pass.

This was, of course, none other than Dr. George's party, now returning to

Visalia after their location of the "Christmas Gift Lode" in Wild Rose Canyon. Borrowing some money from a friend whom Manly found mining on Greenhorn Mountain, near the pass, Alvord and Manly hastened to Visalia, boarded the "Overland Stage" and in due course reached San Jose, by way of Pacheco Pass.

It was now early 1861, and in March Alvord and Manly and a friend of the latter's, one Dick Hickman, started out again for the desert in "a strong, spring wagon" and with plenty of supplies. Over the Pacheco Pass they drove, and on to Visalia. Here they found that the local merchants, after the location of the Coso mines by Dr. French and his party the year before, had built a rough but passable road over Greenhorn Mountain to the Kern River, near Walker Pass. Momentarily everyone in Visalia now awaited the rediscovery of the "Gunsight Lead" and of Alvord's find of the previous year.

Over the pass drove the trio—Alvord, Manly and Hickman—and on to "Little Lake" and the Coso diggings, where they camped near the celebrated Coso Hot Springs. Near this point they found the headquarters tent of the "Rough and Ready Mining Company," and Dr. George's new party en route to inaugurate the Telescope Mining District in Wild Rose Canyon. Hickman here left to return with the wagon to San Jose, while Alvord and Manly planned an exploration of the Death Valley region. It was found, however, that it was too late in the season to enter that area safely, and the two soon left for the Kern River country. Later Manly went by stage to San Francisco, planning in the fall to meet Alvord for further exploration. Before that meeting could take place Alvord was murdered near Kern Lake, presumably by a Mormon named Jackson.

His friend gone, Manly never thereafter returned to the desert. Many years later he wrote feelingly of his admiration for Alvord and of his astonishment and disappointment at the action of Twitchell and Bennett in not returning to the camp in the Panamint Mountains with assistance—recalling how he and John Rogers had risked their lives to save the Bennett party in 1850.

It was not until 1892 that Manly obtained an explanation of this apparently callous action. He had never seen Bennett again, but in that year he met Twitchell at Santa Monica and, says he, "The first question I asked him was why he and Bennett left us to starve." The story was that a big storm came on, making it hard for them to get out over the desert, even with the mules. This storm, said Twitchell, lasted six weeks, leaving deep snows in the mountains, and "it was then decided that Alvord and I [Manly] had gone out or starved to death." Manly wrote in 1895 that "it required some grace to become reconciled to this yarn," but that he finally "forgave them."¹⁹

Whether the first Alvord expedition actually entered Death Valley is doubtful. The party apparently camped in Butte Valley, and Alvord's discovery of free native silver was possibly from some ledge either near the head of Pleasant Canyon, where the "World Beater Mine" was later located, or in

Surprise Canyon, where the discovery of rich but shallow silver leads in the early seventies led to the founding of "Panamint City." Manly, for his part, seems to have penetrated toward Death Valley only as far as the spring in South Park Canyon.

The McCormack Party of 1861. Hugh McCormack's exploring and prospecting party of March, 1861, has frequently been mentioned in accounts of Death Valley written prior to the turn of the century, but no extended résumé of this trip has yet been discovered by the writer.²⁰ Apparently the party entered the region by way of Butte Valley, at the southern end of the Panamint Range, for there he saw and named the "Curious Butte." Somewhere on the western side of Death Valley itself good water was found at a depth of four feet and the spot was named "McCormack's Wells," a name which appeared on numerous maps of the region over many years. This was apparently at or near the Tule Spring, for it is related that six miles south of the well McCormack found a spring emitting sulphurated hydrogen gas where "the old wagons of the emigrants were found." Apparently this was the spot then known as "Bennett's Wells," and in the official report which tells of McCormack's trip the place so named is identified with the location of the Eagle Borax Company's works during the early eighties. It is also remarked that at "Mesquit Springs" (there are several waterholes of this name in or near Death Valley), McCormack "saw the shallow grave of a person supposed to be one of the emigrants, probably a woman, as a portion of a calico dress was found with the bones, left exposed by the drifting of the desert sands." No record of any such death among the emigrants has been discovered elsewhere.

The Boundary Survey Party of 1861. Most important among the early exploring parties in the Death Valley region was doubtless the group which crossed the valley early in 1861, while engaged in reconnoitering the oblique eastern boundary of California. This expedition was unique in two respects, first, because it was apparently some of its members who first applied the name to Death Valley, and second, because among its train were three camels—appropriate beasts of burden, indeed, for this arid country.

Early in 1860 joint plans had been made by the United States and the State of California looking toward a survey of the boundary between California and the Territory of Nevada. An appropriation of \$55,000 was made by Congress, and Lieutenant Sylvester Mowry was appointed Federal Commissioner to run the boundary, Lieutenant J. C. Ives being made official astronomer for the expedition. When Mowry reached San Francisco on November 1, 1860, he found that California had repealed its statute authorizing a State commission to cooperate in this work and that no State officer was therefore vested with authority to bind the State in respect to the boundary in question. Despite this situation, he determined to proceed with the survey, and sent one party to San Diego under Lieutenant Ives, while another assem-

bled at Los Angeles. Ives and his group traveled overland to Fort Yuma and there chartered a small steamer to take them up the Colorado River to Fort Mojave, a few miles above the Needles. Mowry apparently visited Los Angeles but went no farther, although the party there assembled made at least one trip with supplies to Ives' camp on the Colorado.

Early in February, 1861, Ives proceeded to perform the astronomical observations necessary to determine the initial point of the survey—at the intersection of the 35th parallel of latitude with the Colorado River. The plan to make an actual survey of the oblique boundary, which runs northwesterly from this point to the point (in Lake Tahoe) where the 120th meridian intersects the 39th parallel, was now abandoned. Instead a reconnaissance party was formed to explore the general area along the boundary between these two fixed points. This party was under the direction of Dr. J. R. N. Owen, formerly of Oroville, California, and among the group were James Hitchens and J. H. Lillard, both of whom had been with Dr. French at Coso and Death Valley during the preceding year. The remainder of the party consisted of Messrs. McLoud (astronomer), Van Dorn (assistant surveyor), Brooks (guide), Biesta (geologist and mineralogist), James (interpreter); and Messrs. H. N. Jennings, Samuel McClelland, J. S. Birdsall, Andrew Demming and O. Hutton. A German by the name of Fritz, a Mr. Hyer and one "Charles A. Turk" acted as managers and drivers of the three camels which accompanied the party. There were also some twenty-four rather jaded mules and two horses, supplies being carried for sixty days on the desert.²¹

The party left Lieutenant Ives' camp near Fort Mojave on February 13, the old male dromedary carrying no less than 675 pounds of supplies. After eleven days' travel, by way of the Providence Mountains, Ivanpah Dry Lake (where they were deceived by a particularly impressive mirage), the Potosi Mines (southwest of Las Vegas, Nevada), and Stump Spring (on the "Old Spanish Trail"), the party reached the celebrated "Resting Spring" in the Amargosa Basin. Here they camped until the last day of February, when they moved north around the soft and mucky area near the present town of Tecopa, and crossed the Amargosa River (here a tiny stream of brine) near the present Shoshone, camping on the night of March 1 near the prominent, isolated Eagle Mountain, which they called "Amargosa Butte." The next day the party continued north, past the site of Death Valley Junction, over the broad level plain of the Amargosa Desert.

Near this spot they struck the trail of one of the party who had visited the region the year before (doubtless Hitchens or Lillard of French's 1860 expedition), and on March 2 the party camped in the alkali beds by the side of the unwholesome Amargosa "River." On this sandy desert the large, padded feet of the camels gave these animals a great advantage over the mules, although in mountainous country the latter had proved to be superior travelers. Early in the morning of March 3 the group left this alkali camp and

moved northwest, shortly crossing "the faint trail of some emigrant wagons driving to the southwest, made in the year 1849 by a party on their way to California." (For twelve years the tracks of the Jayhawker and Bennett parties' wagons had thus apparently remained visible on this desert.) The writer of the Boundary Survey Party account remarked upon the fact that, since the discovery of the Coso diggings in 1860, several groups of prospectors had followed the forty-niners' trails out to at least this point, and of the forty-niners, he declares.

They drove through the pass in the Amazon [a misprint for "Amargosa"—i. e., the "Funeral"] mountains, and down Furnace Creek into Death Valley, where they lost their animals and several of the company from exhaustion, *from which incident the valley derives its name*. Here leaving their wagons, they rambled [!] among the mountains of this desolate and terrible country for several weeks, finally straggling into the settlements in the most miserable plight.²²

After a long, dry march, the Boundary Survey Party camped near a small water-hole in the eastern foothills of the "Amargosa Mountains," later to be called the Funerals. Here Mr. Brooks, the guide, "reached the limit of his knowledge," but the party started on to the northwest, only to be forced to make a dry camp on the desert east of the point now known as Chloride Cliff. The guide was unable to locate any water ahead and declared his belief that none would be found short of some snow-covered mountains forty miles to the northwest. The party therefore decided to return to the last water, but meanwhile Messrs. McClelland and Demming (the former having been in Death Valley the year before) set off over the mountains to the southwest, without informing the rest of their intention, and without blankets, food or water, in search of a spring in Death Valley, which they supposed to be not far away. After waiting for them for some time, the party turned back toward water, leaving three of its members to wait for the lost men. Their tracks were followed to the summit (probably at or very near Chloride Cliff) where a scene "of extraordinarily rude and disorderly grandeur" met their eyes, in great contrast to the "comparatively tame" aspect of the country to the east across the Amargosa Desert. The group was here looking out over Death Valley, whose white *playas* gleamed in the sun—almost a vertical mile below this vantage point.

The party now determined to descend Furnace Creek to a spring which Brooks, the guide, had visited on a previous trip to the region. They remarked upon the long, regular gradient of the washes which they traversed, and by night they reached the welcome waters of the Travertine Spring, where Manly had encountered the Brier family in camp that cheerless Christmas night in 1849.

The missing men finally came into camp after two days without water, and the party noted with much interest that the barometer indicated their camp to be at or very near sea level, with the open valley floor still below them.

Here they "laid by" for several days to recruit their mules, and here it was proposed that in a few days Mr. Biesta and three men be detached to go out to Coso or Owens Lake for supplies. Meanwhile the rest of the party would move northeast to the boundary, preceded by the camels, and thence over the White Mountain range to Mono Lake, where Biesta's group would rejoin them. No Indians were seen here, though Brooks declared that he had found quite a *rancheria* at this point on an expedition he had made to the area some years previous.

On March 11 they started on, first down the wash, and then out into the open valley. Here the Panamint Range, which for a long distance they had seen glistening in its winter coat of snow, rose directly before them, and they remarked that this view of the weird valley with its high rugged walls "probably made those poor wandering emigrants who entered it in 1849 think that they had surely reached the end of the world." They camped near the site of the present National Park Headquarters, finding grass and "trickling springs of water." And here they made barometric calculations which convinced them that Death Valley's lowest spot was close to four hundred feet below sea level. Near this camp they found the remains of one of the forty-niner party's stopping places, still strewn with relics of wagons and camp equipment.

Moving on to Salt Creek and up it a few miles they dug a well, finding only extremely saline water, and here again (near McLean's Spring) they found remnants of emigrant wagons scattered about—bones of cattle, trace chains and broken pots. Here they were at the spot where the Jayhawkers abandoned their wagons.

The jaded condition of the pack animals (with the exception of the camels) now made it apparent that the plan to divide the company and explore the boundary farther to the north would be wholly impractical. Moreover, they now recognized that the chances of obtaining sufficient supplies for so large a party at the Coso diggings were very slim, and that, in all probability, they would be unable to continue their reconnaissance to the north, and would have to go through Walker Pass to Visalia. They therefore left the brackish spring on March 13 and moved around Tucki Mountain, following the trail of the Jayhawkers, and turned west up the wide lateral valley toward "a partial break in the Panamint mountains known as Town's [sic] Pass," the name that French had bestowed upon the pass the year before. It was a hard day, and two mules had to be abandoned on the long upgrade.

Turning to the left before reaching the pass, and apparently missing the mouth of Emigrant Wash, as had the forty-niner parties before them, the group

Entered the mountains to the southeast, up a large, wide arroyo coming from that direction, following up which for three miles, we camped at a very small hole of water in the left bank [i. e., to the left as the canyon descends], at the base of a great dyke of



LAVA BOULDER AT JAYHAWKER SPRING

Courtesy of H. Donald Curry

granite, around which are growing some reeds and a few tufts of bunch grass, and which is known as Hitchens' Spring.²³

Here was the spot where, on December 31, 1849, William B. Roods had scratched his initials and the year on the lava boulder. And here, in large letters, still appears the bold inscription: "HITCHENS 1860." As has been seen, this was his second visit to this lonely spot.

It was a rough climb up the rocky gulch the next morning, and the soft foot-pads of the camels suffered greatly. Soon, however, the party emerged upon the ridge and descended to the bed of Emigrant Wash, up which they pressed to the area later to be known as "Harrisburg Flat," and southward across it and "White Sage Flat," reaching a water-hole which they termed "Mesquite Spring" late in the evening. That day their barometer indicated that they stood seven thousand feet above the level of the sea—and yet the rugged heights of the Panamints still rose high above them, a fact which they thought should "certainly entitle them to be classed among the great mountains of the continent."

Of the future of Death Valley, however, as a great winter resort, this group of explorers had no vision. "Its entire value," thought they, "must attach to the mineral wealth it may contain, and this is yet to be developed. If this should not redeem it, why then it is little better than a blot on the map of the world."²⁴

They soon moved out into Panamint Valley, where two of the local Indians met them and displayed a not unnatural astonishment at the strange beasts stalking along with the party. Turning northwest, they ascended the Argus Range through "Darwin's Canyon," where a surveyor's mark was found, and the General Land Office map was discovered to show the area to be fully townshipped and sectionalized. "Love's labor lost," thought the tired boundary surveyors as they gazed about them, and a good deal of contempt was expressed for the clearly fraudulent character of many of the desert "surveys" which they thus noted.

Crossing to the north of the Coso Mountains, and stopping for but a brief visit to the nearby mines, the group now pushed on past Owens Lake to a camp of miners, where the sight of the camels caused a stampede of every mule in the outfit. Thence they moved south past Little Lake and on to Walker Pass. Mr. Brooks, the guide, preceded them into Visalia, which they reached on April 10, almost two months after leaving Fort Mojave.

A few days later it was learned that Lieutenant Mowry had been instructed to disband the survey party. This was done, and much criticism of the Commissioner is to be found in the files of the Interior Department because of his rather free ways with government funds.

Apparently the first published mention of the name "Death Valley" occurred in the *Alta California*, of San Francisco, for April 12, 1861, in which the adventures of this exploring party were briefly related. This antedates

by but a single day the first mention of the name in the *Visalia Delta*, also in connection with this party.

The Blasdel Expedition of 1866. Second only in historical importance to the Boundary Reconnaissance Party of 1861 was the visit to Death Valley made five years later by Governor Harry Good Blasdel, first Governor of the State of Nevada. Accompanying the Governor's party was R. H. Stretch, State Mineralogist. The chief purpose of the expedition was to open a more direct means of communication between the State Capital at Carson City and the new Pahrangat Mining District, near the southeastern border of the state, "in the belief that some nearer practicable route than the one by way of Egan Canyon and Austin must exist."²⁵

Traveling southeast from Carson City, the party reached "Montgomery City" on March 25, 1866, and turned east to the youthful mining community of Silver Peak, a few miles west of the site where Goldfield was later to rise. Leaving Silver Peak on April 3, the party moved south through Alida Valley to "Desert Springs" and "Bonner Springs," and on the 16th made camp at "Wilson's Well" in the extreme northern reaches of Death Valley. The next day the group moved south to a spot where, according to Stretch, "many remains of the wagons belonging to emigrants who perished here in the attempt to reach California" lay scattered about the springs. This camp they called "Lost Wagons." It was not at the spot now marked with that name on the U. S. Geodetic Survey Map (that point having been named by a surveying party of 1905, which there found an abandoned borax wagon), but was probably the brackish water-hole later known as "McLean's Spring," where the members of the Jayhawker party of 'forty-nine burned their wagons before leaving Death Valley. Of this spring "Viator" says:

"Lost Wagons" is the name given to some little pools of alkaline water near the north end of Death Valley, Cal., in memory of the early emigrants who on account of the cattle "giving out" were at this place obliged to abandon their wagons, the remains of which lie scattered around their old camping grounds. But few of the party are left to tell the tale of their fearful journey; but these fragments of wood and iron speak more eloquently than words, of the sufferings of these miserable wanderers, who, footsore and weary, with thirst and starvation staring them in the face, were obliged to abandon their wagons on the desert, and trust themselves to a country in which even the meanest of God's creatures can scarcely maintain a foothold. The Indians say that they had had no water for the last eighty miles, and that they had been forced to throw away one article after another, in the vain hope of enabling their worn stock to reach water. What this country is in the summer time may be gathered from the fact that water is an article of trade among the Indians, who from their long residence must be acquainted with all the springs and water courses which are found within its limits. Among so destitute a company it is more than likely that some of them perished at this place from the debilitating effect of the water which we were afraid to give to our animals, but there were no monuments to show that any of them were buried there, and not knowing where we should find grass and water for our own stock, we were compelled to hurry on after a very brief stay.

Leaving the camp at the "Lost Wagons" on April 18, the Blasdel party moved southeast a few miles, making a dry camp on the edge of the salt marsh, and the next day rolled on to a spot near the present National Park Service Headquarters. On the 20th they drove through what Professor Stretch describes as "rough hills of soft mud, which some members of the party facetiously called 'self-rising earth,' from its resemblance to the crust of a loaf." (What an excellent description of the Mustard Canyon country!) That night the party camped at the Travertine Spring, which they called "Hadley Springs," and Stretch's discussion of the nearby hills is particularly apt. Says he: "They consist of gravel banks, conglomerates, soft mud deposits, etc., of almost every conceivable color except green, and are so cut up by deep, precipitous gulches as to be almost impassable anywhere, except when they begin to die out on the flat. Anything more desolate can hardly be conceived."

Here, in Furnace Creek Wash, camp was made for a number of days, during which period the group experienced many adventures. On the 22d of April a portion of the party attempted to find a pass over the Funeral Range to the east, but missed the easy way up the wash and returned unsuccessful. Six men, however, went on over the mountains. Meanwhile a party of prospectors, with whom was the noted early-day character, Breyfogle, arrived in camp, presumably coming down Furnace Creek Wash. Governor Blasdel hired a wagon and a large water cask from this party, and sent a small group up the wash to aid the six who had gone on the day before, two of Breyfogle's companions accompanying them as guides. Two days later a lone man was seen coming down the wash. He proved to be one of the original group of six, and from him it was ascertained that the rest of the party were scattered back along the road. Aid was immediately sent up the canyon, but one man, G. Gillis, of Carson City, could not be found.

It appeared that the six men had reached the Amargosa Desert, but had found no potable water, and that Gillis had left their camp on his horse in search of a spring. Two days later the horse wandered into camp almost dead. The rest of the group then felt it absolutely necessary to retrace their steps toward Furnace Creek. They left a full canteen and a note for Gillis, and also sent out a small search party, which later returned to the Furnace Creek camp without having found him.

Meanwhile, the Breyfogle party prospected to the north along the Funerals, without success save for the discovery of "a fine meadow and plenty of water about ten miles north of Furnace Creek and fifteen east of Lost Wagons" (doubtless what is now known as Navares Spring, near the spot where the National Park Service Headquarters stand). The battered bones of a man were also found near the deserted Indian encampment on the "fan" of Furnace Creek, and were thought to be those of a prospector killed by the Indians the year before while looking for the already legendary "Breyfogle Lead."

On May 5, thirteen days after its departure, three members of the Governor's advance group returned with information that they had discovered "the road to Pahrnatagat." Six of Breyfogle's group now joined the party, while the three others started on the back track for Los Angeles whence they had come. The group under Governor Blasdel had crossed the Amargosa Desert, camping at Indian Springs, and had thence moved on toward Las Vegas on what was then the Los Angeles-Salt Lake wagon road—formerly "the Old Spanish Trail." Some fifteen miles northwest of the Vegas, a Mr. Day's outfit was encountered, and much-needed supplies were purchased. Three members of the party were sent back to Furnace Creek to guide the group out of Death Valley, while Governor Blasdel and the rest of the advance party moved on north past Quartz Spring to Hatfield's Ranch in the Pahrnatagat Mountains.

The Furnace Creek campers now left the Travertine Spring and hastened up the wash and out onto the Amargosa Desert, where they found the body of Gillis some four miles from "the butte" (doubtless Eagle Mountain). They buried him where he had fallen and pushed on to Indian Springs, and thence to Quartz Spring, just beyond which they met a wagon coming back with provisions for their relief.

Shortly thereafter the group crossed the Silver Canyon Mountains and found themselves in the Pahrnatagat Mining District, near the present Hiko and Crystal Springs. Here about May 15 they met the Governor and his advance party, and shortly thereafter all headed for home—but *not* by way of Death Valley.

The Miller-"Rhodes" Party of 1869. Hints of visits to the Death Valley region by prospecting parties during the two decades which followed the valley's discovery by the forty-niners are to be found in most accounts of the exploring parties which recorded their experiences. Unfortunately, few of the prospectors left written accounts of their adventures, and particular importance therefore attaches to the recollections of George Miller, who was one of four prospectors who left San Bernardino on April 12, 1869, in search of the Gunsight Lead and spent several weeks on the desert, largely in or about Death Valley.²⁶

According to Miller, his group consisted of himself, Paul Van Curen, Eugene Lauder and one "W. H. Rhodes," who had been a member of the 1849 party in Death Valley and who in 1869 lived "on the Colorado River." Apparently this was none other than William B. Roods of the Jayhawkers,²⁷ and Miller devotes considerable attention to a résumé of his account of the forty-niners' experiences.

Miller's party proceeded from McCoy's Ranch, near San Bernardino, over the Cajon Pass and down the Mojave River to the "point of rocks" where the group struck north across the Mojave Desert to Granite Springs, and thence over the Slate Range into Panamint Valley. Following up that valley,

they turned east into Wild Rose Canyon and climbed "to the summit between Death Valley and Panamint Valley." Finding themselves too far north, they retraced their steps and started down a canyon north of Telescope Peak "that came down from the peak." At one point they had to let their animals scramble one at a time down a steep "slide," with two men hanging on to each to keep them from slipping to their death.²⁸

In this canyon Miller picked up a piece of ore which "Rhodes" identified as lead. Proceeding down into Death Valley itself, the party went north past what Miller terms "the Bennet [sic] Wells,"²⁹ and thence across the salt beds to Furnace Creek, which "Rhodes" told the group was the spot where the emigrants of 1849 entered Death Valley. Here they found tracks to the north which they believed to have been those of the 1849 parties, but which were doubtless those of some more recent group, probably Blasdel's party of 1866. These tracks they followed to "the Poison Springs—some call them the Salt Springs—about 15 miles West [sic] of Furnace Creek in Death Valley," the spot, according to Miller, "where Rhodes' party left their wagons," many relics of which were still lying about. Here the group were at McLean's Springs (now known as "Jayhawker Well"). They then proceeded around Tucki Mountain and up to "Summit Pass," or Grape-Vine Spring, northeast from the pass, about seven miles, where they stayed a few days "and then moved up about two miles nearer the Summit, at the Dove's Spring."

Shortly they returned to McLean's Spring, and while they were attempting to follow some old wagon tracks to the north, a band of Indians was seen approaching. After some parley, one was secured as a guide, and the group proceeded into the northern reaches of Death Valley, finding other Indians shooting ducks with bows and arrows at a pond made by damming the meagre flow of a desert spring. Returning, they left their guide at his home in a canyon with plenty of water and cottonwood trees, and then returned to Wild Rose Canyon, and "north over the summit, on the Death Valley side, to the Grape Vines Springs," where they prospected for a time, quite unsuccessfully.

Just as the Miller-"Rhodes" party was preparing to leave for home, a lone white man from "Sierra Gorda, Inyo County" (Cerro Gordo) came into camp also looking for the Gunsight Lead. They accompanied him to his party's camp at "Doves Spring," where, after some further prospecting, "Rhodes," Van Curen and Lauder left for San Bernardino, while Miller proceeded to Lone Pine and Independence, not returning to his home near Perris until that fall.

Although his party made no new discoveries, and although—like all the others before and after—it was unsuccessful in its search for the legendary Gunsight Lead, Miller's account is of much interest, especially because of its relation of "Rhodes'" story of his 1849 experience. Says Miller:

This man Rhodes was one of the survivors among the emigrants who came through Death Valley in 1849 and picked up the silver—which proved to be almost pure silver

—out of which they made a gun-sight. Mr. Rhodes told me that two men, named Martin and Townsend, brought the ore into camp, at the place now known as Summit Camp, or Emigrant Pass, between Death Valley and the head of Panamint Valley, this being the second camp after they left their wagons. . . . This camp at the Summit Pass was the last camp they all made together. . . . They broke up into small parties there. In Mr. Rhodes' party there were either 11 or 14—I have forgotten which. They had one old ox packed with their belongings and equipments. They had separated in small parties from one another, taking different directions. Mr. Rhodes and party—seven all left alive from his party—arrived through Tehachepi Pass, or near Fort Tejon Pass, more dead than alive. These men, Martin and Townsend, got through on Kern River, and—I believe—then Walker's Pass. They were both murdered by some Spaniards afterwards. . . . The snow fell on them in that [Summit] camp about 4 inches deep.³⁰

It is from scraps of recollection such as this that much of the forty-niners' adventure has been pieced together. Poor Billy Roods lived but two years after his prospecting trip with Miller, for he was drowned in the waters of the muddy Colorado near his home at La Paz early in 1871.

Latter Days. No attempt will here be made to detail the later history of Death Valley. Lieutenant Wheeler's survey of this general region during the early seventies was marred by the disappearance of two of the party's most effective guides. In the eighties came the borax undertaking, with "Twenty-Mule-Teams" and actual agriculture at "Greenland"—now Furnace Creek Ranch. The Department of Agriculture's expedition of 1891 was important, though unfortunately no general report of this party's efforts was ever published. Of mining excitements there were several, including that at "Panamint City" during the seventies, and those of Rhyolite, Bullfrog and Skidoo early in the present century.

Only a few years ago the tourist arrived, and in 1933 the area was made a National monument. Hotels have been erected at Furnace Creek and Stovepipe Wells, and an extensive auto camp has been developed at Furnace Creek Ranch. No longer is Death Valley an unknown, fearsome sink. Its arid beauty now charms thousands of visitors each year, and even in summer come many tourists, drawn by the strange fascination of this weird and truly fascinating spot.

NOTES

1. Five years is said to have been the longest "tour of duty" of any white man in the solitary oasis of "Greenland" (now Furnace Creek Ranch) where what has been declared to have been the highest official temperature—134°—ever recorded by the United States Weather Bureau was once encountered.

2. Perkins, Edna Brush, *The White Heart of Mojave, an Adventure with the Outdoors of the Desert*, New York, 1922.

3. The "Log" of Sheldon Young forms a part of the "Jayhawker Papers" in the Henry E. Huntington Library. Portions of it were published in the *Kansas City Journal* for February 14, 1900, and in the *San Francisco Chronicle* for February 15, 1903. While sketchy in nature, it is of great value as a contemporaneous record.

4. In the Henry E. Huntington Library.

5. Before Manly's book appeared, he had published two shorter accounts of his experiences on the desert: the first in the *San Jose Pioneer* for April 21 and 28, 1877, and

the other in a journal called *The Santa Clara Valley* during 1887 and 1888. His account of his later visit to the Death Valley region in search of the "Gunsight Lead" appeared in the *San Jose Pioneer* for May 15 and June 15, 1895. He also wrote a number of other articles for that publication, including "How Furnace Creek Got Its Name" (August 1, 1893); "The Original Jayhawkers" (March 15, 1894), and "Visit to a Pioneer [John Rogers]" (July 15, 1895).

6. A typed copy of the Journal of Elder Addison Pratt is filed in the Bancroft Library, University of California. It contains excerpts from Henry W. Bigler's Diary and from an article by Elder George Q. Cannon, published in the *Juvenile Instructor* at Salt Lake City, Vol. 4, pp. 84 *et seq.*

7. See "Southwest from Salt Lake in 1849," by John W. Caughey, and the accompanying narrative of Jacob Y. Stover, published in *The Pacific Historical Review*, Vol. VI, No. 2, June, 1937.

8. The manuscript Journal of William B. Lorton is extensive and contains many details hitherto unknown. It is privately owned and is as yet unpublished.

9. See "Trailing the Forty-Niners through Death Valley," by Carl I. Wheat, in *Sierra Club Bulletin*, Vol. XXIV, No. 3, June, 1939.

10. Many years later, John W. Brier, one of the members of the 1849 group, wrote that it was Towne himself who discovered the "Gunsight Lead." Cf. "The Argonauts of Death Valley," by John W. Brier, in *The Grizzly Bear*, Vol. 9, No. 2, June, 1911.

11. *Weekly Butte Record*, Oroville, July 21, 1860.

12. See *The Grizzly Bear*, June, 1911.

13. The *Panamint News*, T. S. Harris, editor and manager, was published tri-weekly from December, 1874, to October, 1875. The issue for October 21, 1875, Vol. I, No. 97, contains a notice that "this issue closes our career under the head of *The Panamint News*," and that the equipment would be moved to Darwin, Inyo County, where a new paper would appear in ten days or two weeks under a name yet to be determined. The largest file extant of this short-lived paper appears to be that in the Bancroft Library, University of California, which contains three issues dated in February, nine in March, and one in October, 1875. Several copies are also in the collection of Mr. William A. Chalfant, of Bishop. The articles by Dr. George are to be found in the issues for March 9 and March 23, 1875.

14. See *Visalia Delta*, April 13, 1861.

15. See "Bandits, Borax and Bears—A Trip to Searles Lake in 1874," translated from the French of Edmond Leuba by Allen L. Chickering, in this *Quarterly*, Vol. XVII, No. 2, June, 1938.

16. See the *Panamint News*, March 23, 1875.

17. Of interest in this connection is the item published in the San Francisco *Alta California* for April 26, 1860, under the heading "Our San Diego Correspondence." Apparently, this was the earliest published mention of Asahel Bennett and his ill-fated emigrant party of 1849. The story was badly garbled and all but three of the party were reported to have perished, while Bennett was made the hero of the legendary discovery of a rich silver mine. He was said to have given a chart of the area to a friend who actually found the fabulous lead in the fall of 1859. Toward this discovery the paper's correspondent reported many prospectors to be headed. "Mr. Bennett," he remarked, "is one of them, who now returns to the scenes of his unheard sufferings, ten years ago, to make his fortune mining silver ore." Doubtless the reference is to the 1860 party which Bennett and Alvord accompanied. In connection with the problem of the naming of Death Valley, it is of interest to note that nowhere in this article is that name mentioned.

18. In writing of this trip many years later, Manly remarked that "it seemed that I was born for the unwelcome task of rescuing the unfortunate of that terrible valley."

19. See "Charles Alvord," by W. L. Manly, in the *San Jose Pioneer*, May 15 and June 15, 1895.

20. The most circumstantial data in respect to McCormack's trip appears to be found

in the *Report* of the California State Mineralogist for 1883, which contains other material on Death Valley and its early visitors.

21. An account of a portion of this party's experience was published in the San Francisco *Alta California* for March 4 and 10, 1861, apparently from the pen of James Hitchens; and the Sacramento *Union* published an extended narrative of the entire expedition in its issues for June 25 and 29, July 9, 11, 13 and 31, and August 7 and 10, 1861.

22. See Sacramento *Union*, July 11, 1861.

23. *Ibid.*, July 31, 1861.

24. *Ibid.*

25. A brief report of the Blasdel party's journey is to be found in "Appendix E," attached to the 1866 *Report* of the State Mineralogist of Nevada. A much more extended account of the trip was published during April and May, 1866, in the *Territorial Enterprise* at Virginia City, in the form of a series of letters, some signed "Viator" and others bearing the name of "Professor" Stretch, as he was termed by others of the party.

26. See "A Trip to Death Valley," by George Miller, in *Annual Publications of the Historical Society of Southern California*, Vol. XI, Part II, 1919, pp. 56-64.

27. This suggestion was first made to the writer by Mr. John W. Beck, of Altadena, California. There seems to be no reason to question this identification, for Roods did in fact live "on the Colorado River" at the time in question. It was he who left the scratched inscription "W. B. Roods 1849" on a rock near the mouth of Lemoine Canyon, and the similarly scratched inscription "1849 W. B. R." on the boulder at the Jayhawker Spring.

28. Possibly in Hanaupah Canyon, but more probably Trail Canyon. Each has in it a very old Indian trail leading down from the summit of the ridge.

29. This was certainly not the water-hole now known as Bennett's Well.

30. Miller, *op. cit.*, p. 56.

FURTHER LETTERS OF ARCHIBALD H. GILLESPIE

*October 20, 1845, to January 16, 1846,
to the Secretary of the Navy*

With an Introduction by RICHARD R. STENBERG

A NUMBER of letters written to Secretary of the Navy George Bancroft by President Polk's special agent to California, Lieutenant Archibald H. Gillespie, dated February 11, 1846, to July 8, 1848, with an introduction by Mr. George Walcott Ames, Jr., were published recently in this *Quarterly*.¹ The idea of sending Gillespie to California as a secret agent was conceived apparently by the administration in connection with Secretary Bancroft's instructions to Commodore Sloat of October 17, 1845, and Secretary of State Buchanan's equally well-known instructions to Thomas O. Larkin, American Consul at Monterey, of the same date. Gillespie was, in fact, mentioned in Buchanan's letter to Larkin. Buchanan stated that Gillespie was about "to proceed to Monterey and will probably reach you before this despatch. He is a gentleman in whom the President reposes entire confidence. He has seen these instructions and will cooperate with you in carrying them into execution."²

The correspondence between Gillespie and Bancroft herewith presented precedes in time that published by Mr. Ames and apparently completes the publication of Gillespie's letters to the Navy Department with the exception of one letter. He twice mentions having written from Tepic under date of February 3, 1846.³ Search in the archives of both the Navy and State Departments and in the Polk Papers in the Library of Congress has failed to bring it to light.

New York October 20th 1845

Sir

Having been detained by an accident to the Steam Boat, I did not reach this City until late on Saturday afternoon, and Sunday following, I could not make any enquiries in relation to the travel across the country until to day, in which I have been engaged all the morning—

I find that the journey from Portobello, the Port near Chagres, is impracticable, there being no vessels on the West Coast trading sufficiently far to the Northward, & that all the goods taken from this side go no farther than San Jose, which is not immediately on the coast— I am told that there is much travel Westward from Belise, a port further north, and from John L. Stevens Esqr. I hope to obtain all the necessary information to-morrow—

Hargous & Bro' have nearly all the trade with Vera Cruz in their hands, but a passage to that Port could be obtained without their Knowing or Suspecting the business of the passenger—

Hoping in my next to give you some decided information,

I have the honor to be
Very Respectfully
Your Mo obt. Servt.
ARCHI. H. GILLESPIE

New York Octr. 23d 1845

Sir

Since my last communication, I have been unable to obtain any further information than that, a vessel will sail for Vera Cruz about 5th proxo., and that it is decidedly the most favorable road across the country— Howland and Aspinwall [merchants] are constantly sending to Masatlan by way of Mexico, and much information might be obtained from them confidentially, if the enquiry were made by the Collector of the Port—The merchants do not like to give information to private individuals, fearing competition in the trade, but there is not one who would refuse or decline giving it for Government purposes, if asked by Mr. Lawrence—In this way letters representing the Bearer as a commercial character might be obtained, & the secrecy of Government Kept inviolable—

I will be obliged by your favoring me with instructions if I should engage a passage in the vessel to sail the 5th proxo., & whether I shall apply to Mr. Lawrence for assistance in getting letters &c.

I purpose leaving this [city] for Washington on the 26th inst.

Hoping to hear from you by return of mail, in haste,

I have the honor to be
Sir, Very Respectfully &c
ARCHI H. GILLESPIE

Navy Department
October 25th, 1845

Sir,

Your letter of the 23d instant has been received.

Inasmuch as I have obtained such mercantile letters of introduction as you will probably need, it will be unnecessary for you to make any inquiries of Mr. Lawrence.

In accordance with your suggestion you are at liberty to take passage in the vessel to sail for Vera Cruz about the 5th proximo, and you will arrange your visit to Washington [so] as to return before her day of sailing.

In the event of my absence from Washington at the time of your arrival

here you will learn my wishes and receive your letters from Mr. Appleton, Chief Clerk in the Department.

Respectfully

Yours

GEO BANCROFT⁴

Lieut. A. H. Gillespie
New York

Sandy Hook [N. Y.]
November 16th 1845
4 P.M.

My dear Sir

After frequent delays I have the pleasure to announce to you my departure for my place of destination, and I can only reiterate what I have already expressed, that if energy & perseverance will carry out your instructions, they will not be wanting to make my mission successful—

Be pleased to express to His Excellency the President, how grateful I feel for his confidence, & assure him at the same time, that he will find it has not been misplaced—

To Mr Buchanan pray offer my thanks, & though I may not be able to express my feelings, it will show to him, that I am not unmindful of the distinction with which I am honored, & that I will use my endeavors to follow his directions, & to serve my country with fidelity & devotion—

To you, Sir, I cannot say what I would wish, at a moment like this, setting forth on an adventurous enterprize; but I can assure you, you will not regret having named me for this service, & that it will ever be borne in grateful remembrance, & I trust, that should I be successful I may not be forgotten,— & will receive the only reward a Soldier aspires to obtain—

We will soon discharge our pilot, & the Brig Petersburg will be well on her road to Vera Cruz—in haste

I am Sir

Very Respectfully Yours

ARCHI H. GILLESPIE

Vera Cruz December 13th 1845

To the Honorable
the Secretary of the Navy
Washington

Sir,

I have the honor to inform you of my arrival at this place on the 10th instant, after a passage of twenty-four days, having had head winds and much stormy weather— The Despatch was destroyed and thrown overboard the night before we came into port, in accordance with my instructions; and it was well I did so, for my luggage underwent the very closest search.

It is a very fortunate circumstance that I arrived here in a private vessel, as in the transaction of the most trifling business, our Countrymen are very closely watched; and also, under the existing state of public affairs and the rumors which are in circulation, the object of my travelling across the country would at once have been suspected.—As it is, not the least suspicion can be entertained, as the travel of private individuals to Masatlan is constant and unnoticed.

I find the feeling in Vera Cruz is very much in favor of war, and although the people in general may wear a semblance of friendship, they are decidedly inimical to our Countrymen; and notwithstanding Mr Slidell was received with all the honors, a Salute from the Castle and a Guard of honor at the landing, the papers have not noticed or mentioned his arrival. They do not seem to bear in mind the utter impossibility of going to war—they are without funds, their Troops are in great want, and every resource appears to be exhausted.—They are without the means for necessary expenditures at this moment, and the advances made upon Custom House paper are almost beyond credence— I have seen a great many Troops of the Southern Republics in want and distress, but I have never met with any that would compare with these in Garrison here, for the misery of their condition—They are said to be 4000 strong— I have seen the greater part of two Regiments—they are composed of Indians generally, some few negroes, are very poorly equiped and officered—and judging from their want of Knowledge of the Manual are new levies, or “forced volunteers” as they are generally called. The men are quite small—I doubt if they would average five feet six in height, slightly built, and are sluggish in the extreme in their movements—I am very credibly informed, that there are Troops in the Castle, that have not left it for many months, in consequence of not having clothing sufficient to cover their nakedness, and the filthiness of their condition is quite disgusting—

There is still a great deal of feeling among the Troops in favor of Santa-Anna, which was evinced on the night of the 11th inst, when the 8th Regiment endeavored to rise and declare in his favor. It seems, that Saturday (13th) was the time fixed for the revolt, but the Colonel, who is quite a young man of much intelligence, having become somewhat intoxicated at a dinner with some of his friends, determined that his Regiment should rise that night— Having assembled and armed all the officers and troops, he was about to cry “Viva Santa Anna,” when the Governor of Vera Cruz with a superior force, marched into the quarters and took the party prisoners— The Colonel and officers are now in prison, and 'tis rumored, that the Troops are to be scattered among the different Corps of the Army— This affair has made no noise, and is not even talked about as any thing important, yet a desire is evinced to learn something of the state of feeling in the other Garrisons in the Country— It is also positively asserted, that Santa-Anna sent over from Havana by the

last Steamer, \$6000 to clothe such Regiments as would pronounce in his favor; and it is supposed by some, that through the passage of this money into certain hands, the revolt was discovered by the Authorities.

Much anxiety is evinced by the community at large, in relation to the expected revolution—It is supposed to day, that it has already taken place. General Paredes is at San Luis and declares that the new Congress shall not assemble, as it is composed of too many Deputies favorable to the system of Federation, which he is determined to oppose at all hazards. Gomes Farías is at Puebla, where he has a small party favorable to Federation, the reduction of the Tariff and Imposts, the Abolition of the Custom Houses in the interior of the Country, a general reduction of the Government expenditures, and an entire new system of accountability. Unfortunately this party is too small to succeed at this day, yet it is hoped by many, that the time is not far distant when the people will be convinced of the necessity of sustaining the party supported by the best and most enlightened men in the country. General Urrea is at Sinaloa, about two degrees and a half to the north of Masatlan, in the Department of Senhora [Sonora] y Sinaloa, where he has declared the Independence of that Department as a State; and it is rumored here, that he has requested the protection of the United States— Urrea has long opposed the Central Government, and will not consent to any other than the Federative Sytsem; but whether he will be enabled to sustain himself, I am unable to judge, as he is spoken of here by every one, natives & foreigners, in terms of disrespect and opprobrium. As it may be of importance for the Department to know the true position of affairs in that quarter, I will visit Sinaloa, if I should find it will not delay my arrival at the point of destination.

I shall proceed by the Diligence this evening, which having been engaged four days ahead, has prevented my leaving at an earlier moment. The Coach precedes the travel on mules some six or eight days and has lately passed without molestation.

I intend forwarding this communication by the St Mary's sloop of war, to sail in a few days for Pensacola— I am happy to find that there is little or no difficulty in sending correspondence across the Country—it being generally supposed that no letters of importance would be sent in the mails, and letters of foreign Commercial Houses always pass unmolested—however, I shall be governed by circumstances entirely—

I cannot close this communication without noticing and informing the Department of the great attention paid to the interest of the Government by our Consul, F. M. Dimond Esqr, whose true patriotism, really merits the applause of his countrymen, who, with the citizens of other countries and the Mexicans generally, pay him the greatest respect.

By the mail of this morning I learned, that our minister had not yet been presented to the President; nor could the Secretary name a day, when the

Consul informed him of the arrival of Mr Slidell, but hoped to do so in a short time.

I am, Sir,
Very Respectfully
Your Mo obt. Servt.
ARCHI H. GILLESPIE

Mexico [City] January 16th 1846

Sir

The Department will no doubt be much surprised, to learn that I have not proceeded further on my journey than this City, but its surprise will not equal the disappointment and the annoyance I have suffered. Upon leaving Vera Cruz, I was obliged to put my luggage upon mules, only the smallest quantity being allowed upon the Coach, and finding it impossible to take the route by Puebla, in consequence of the very much greater length of the road, and the certainty of exciting suspicion, this being the only route now traveled, I came to this City—to await the arrival of the arriero. In the meantime the revolution of General Paredes broke out—All the Troops were taken off of the road for the defence of the City, and fearing he would be robbed, the Muleteer remained at Pueblo, until he could be furnished with an Escort—Within the past week Troops having been sent upon the road, the Arriero came up with his Cargo—I shall immediately proceed, and will no doubt reach the [Pacific] Coast in twelve days. I am the more anxious to be upon the road, as some of our vessels of war are at San Blas or Masatlan.

My disappointment is very much lessened by the fact, that I have happened to be in this City—at a very interesting period, and one of the very greatest importance to the Country [California] I am about to visit—I have made myself well acquainted with all the circumstances of the revolution, and have collected facts which cannot fail to awaken the people of California, to the danger of their adhering to a Central Government, particularly, when it is composed of a grasping dishonest soldiery, and a despotic priesthood.

The principal object of Gen'l Paredes in making this revolution, was to destroy the parties favorable to the Federative System; and assisted by the Arch-Bishop (who saw in that system the entire overthrow of his power) he determined to seize upon the Government, although sent to the frontier to repel the expected invasion of the U. S. Troops.⁵

Under the legitimate President, Gen'l Herrera, an honest man, wanting in energy but very highly respected by all classes, the Army was losing its influence. A very large number of retired officers were thrown off of the list of pensioners, and those in service, saw that a reduction of their strength would take place, if that Administration were permitted to remain much longer in power. Consequently the Troops very generally pronounced in favor of Gen'l Paredes, who aided by the Church, and by funds which had

been sent to him for other purposes, was enable[d] to pay the arrears due the Troops, thus securing their feelings in an important manner. After this City had been declared in a state of siege more than a week, and the public mind had been in a state of very great excitement, anticipating, from the preparation which had been made, a vigorous and decided resistance to the entrance of Gen'l Paredes, fifty eight thousand dollars was circulated in the Garrison of the City,—on the morning of the 30th ulto. It immediately pronounced in favor of the plan of San Luis, at which place Gen'l Paredes first declared himself against the government of President Herrera, who a little more than a year since, was elected by the unanimous voice of the whole country.

It appears, that Gen'l Paredes had funds sent to him for the purpose of procuring supplies for a part of the force under his command, which he was ordered to march upon California, where the Governor had refused to acknowledge the authority of the Government of Mexico. However, instead of using these funds for the purpose intended, he applies them to the payment of the Troops who were to march upon this City, thus leaving California apparently independent. In addition to the force which the former Government contemplated Gen'l Paredes would march against California, they were preparing an expedition by Sea. Two Brigs owned and commanded by Frenchmen under Mexican colors, have been lying at Acapulco for the last four months, at an expense of fifty dollars per day—a force over four hundred strong was sent to Acapulco, but was withdrawn upon the commencement of the revolution—350 Infantry, in miserable condition, came into the City from Acapulco a few days previous to the arrival of Gen'l Paredes—They have now joined his force, and nothing further is said about the preparations being renewed. The owner and Commander of one of the vessels is in this City at present, and says, “the new Government have done nothing upon the subject—they are too much occupied with their own particular affairs to think of me.”—

The Central Government of Mexico receives no aid whatever from California. For a long time it has not paid one dollar to the revenue, and the present revolution has done more to advance its independence than any other circumstance that could have happened. Much is said about the hostile position of the Departments far distant from the City of Mexico, but it is merely a war of words, for the new authorities are too much occupied with their own particular interest, and drawing attention towards Texas and the United States to notice very closely the proceedings of a department so very distant as California; and whatever may have been done by former administrations in relation to the sale of that province to a European power, I doubt very much if the present authorities would dare to enter upon any such negotiation, as one of the strongest reasons given for the overthrow of the Herrera

Government was, its having thought of entering into a Treaty with U. States for the sale of Texas.

Not one word is said in relation to Gen'l Urrea, or his movement at Sinaloa; yet every one joins in the opinion, that he is a very contemptible person and entirely without credit. He had a skirmish with a small force not long since and was defeated.

General Paredes entered the City on the 3d instant at the head of about eight thousand men. I was very much disappointed with the appearance of the Troops, having heard them spoken of as very superior in point of equipment and discipline.

Some two or three of the Cavalry Corps (which number in all about 2500) were stout men, in pretty good order; and there were but two Infantry Regiments worthy of note. One of these, is some 1200 strong, and composed of tall, strong looking men. All the others were miserable indeed, and completely worn out by long travel; are very small delicate men, and would not be taken into service in any other country. The Artillery about 200 strong, was remarkable, only for the very miserable condition of its appointments, and the decidedly ineffective appearance of the whole Corps. Considering the ensemble of this Corps de reserve, as this force of Gen'l Paredes is termed, I have no hesitation in saying, it is composed of the most miserable Troops I have ever seen. As it is a well known fact, that in the Spanish Americas the Indian Soldier will follow his officer to the death, I was very particular in observing each officer as he passed me, and I must say, a more pitiable collection never was seen with any soldiery— They are generally very young, quite small of stature, appear to have but little control over the men, and I am credibly informed, are almost entirely ignorant of the soldier's duties. There is no precision in their movements, nor the least bearing of the soldier about them. The Troops are very seldom drilled, and exercise of any kind is very rare; which I judge to be the fact, from an exhibition of firing, which took place in the Public Square a few mornings since. Several Regiments arrived after the main body entered the City, making the force in this vicinity for a few days, some 10,000 strong; which I consider, quite unequal to the strength of the Camp at Corpus Christi.

On the 11th inst General Ampudia left this City, at the head of a division some three thousand five hundred strong; 'tis said, to Garrison the towns at the north, but it is well known, that his destination is the frontier of Texas. This division is composed chiefly of the Troops Gen'l Paredes found in the city on his arrival, and as the campaign of Texas is far from being a favorite with the officers and men, they have gone on the march very much dissatisfied. General Arista who would not join Gen'l Paredes in his movement against the legitimate Government, has been suspended in his Command upon the frontier, and thrown out of employ.

About a week since, Eight Deserters from the Camp at Corpus Christi

arrived in this City in charge of an Aide de Camp of Gen'l Arista. I am very sorry to add, that two of them are native born Americans—Two are from Company E. 2d Dragoons. Three from Company B. of the same Regiment. One (an American named Smith) from Company G. 7th Infantry—One (a Swede) from the Corps of Flying Artillery—and the other, represents himself to be a Civilian, by birth and Station, but a citizen of Texas. The Dragoons brought with them the Saddles, and all were in their fatigue suit. They have had several interviews with Gen'l Almonte, who is now Minister of War, and two interviews with Gen'l Paredes—at the last, the latter offered Smith, from 7th Infantry, a Captain's commission; if he would join their service, and go upon the frontier with the Army. He refused it, telling the General, he had left the Army from being tired of the life and could not endure the calling any longer. Smith appears to be the leader of the party, and has every thing to say in relation to the *affairs of the party*. Two days since he applied to Gen'l Almonte for a *Carta de Seguridad* (a letter of security, which all foreigners are required to take out through the Consuls of their respective nations, or through the Governor of the Department in which he may reside) "as they wished to leave the City, their time being very uncomfortable, as their countrymen and the foreigners generally abused them for deserting." Gen'l Almonte told Smith to wait a few days, but if in the meantime, he or his friends should be maltreated by any person, on account of his desertion to let him know, and he would soon punish them. "The Government encouraged desertion from the American Camp and would protect those who deserted."

Gen'l Almonte is the prime mover of all the operations against Texas, and has been for some time very loud in his declamations against the United States; and now, as Minister of war he will do everything in his power to assemble a large force upon the frontier. He says, he will soon have some Thirty thousand men to march upon the small force at the Camp of Corpus Christi "as they intend to show the United States, that although they may retain possession of Texas, they shall not have any more Mexican Territory."

It is evidently the intention of the present Government to make a demonstration, with as large a force as it can raise upon the frontiers of Texas; and the general impression appears to be, that they will concentrate from all parts of the country a force not exceeding fifteen thousand men, and perhaps many of those may be new Troops, Indians forced into service having a musket in their hands for the first time. There is not the least expectation that they will declare war against the United States, but by actual aggression upon the territory of Texas, which will be done for the purpose of making a Treaty, which they say, "having arms in our hands, will save el honor nacional."—Some of the public prints in that portion of the country, through which General Paredes has just passed, have commenced hinting that such will take place, evidently desiring to prepare the people for such a result.

Should this Mexican soldiery dare to trespass upon the, now, territory of the United States, it is to be hoped, their principal officers will receive the punishment they so justly merit. The death of a few of them would be of very great service to the country, and would strike a panic in Mexico which would soon bring this Government to terms—the effect would indeed be beyond description. Several renegades from the Camp at Corpus Christi have circulated the report, that Gen'l Taylor is a mere farmer, and noted for cowardice; that the force is composed principally of foreigners, who being treated with very great tyranny by young American officers, will desert to the Mexican Army as soon as it shows itself. A large proportion of the population of the City believe the report, and require a terrible shock to awaken them to the truth of their arrogance and entire ignorance. It is to be hoped they may soon receive the lesson so much needed.

Gen'l Paredes in an order publish[ed] some days since, has restored to the pension list, all the names of retired officers which had been stricken therefrom by the former Government—thus showing, one of the principal policies of the new administration.

The Government is very much in want of money, and to raise a large amount immediately, it has given permission for the introduction of Foreign Cotton to the amount of \$2,000,000 duties. The only resource left open to them. This done without consulting the interest of the people of the Country, but merely for the particular purposes of those in power. Among the Cotton growers are some of the most influential men of the country, whose interest is particularly affected, while the Manufacturer is but slightly benefited; for the permit to bring in Cotton being given to a private individual, the price of the article is kept up although the demand remains the same. American cotton being so much better cleaned it is always sold before the Mexican. Cotton is now selling from 32 to 34 cts, while the Manufacturer obtains but \$5 50/100 pr piece for his cloths, which will not bear any comparison with those of U States. I have visited some of the manufactories near this City,—said to be the best in the country. I find them in bad order and badly attended. They are owned, with but few exceptions, by an inferior class of men, generally English and Scotch—some few Mexicans have also entered into the business, but have English or Americans to conduct the factories. It is said, that but one of the factories in the country, has succeeded and paid expenses; such cannot be doubted when it is known, that to set a factory in operation in the vicinity of this City, it cost at the lowest calculation forty dollars per spindle when the machinery is ready for work, without including the cost of the building or fixtures.

Most of the machinery in the country is from Patterson, N Jersey; and I am told, it would all be brought from there, was the price of Iron in U States reduced, so as to permit the machinery to be sold at the same price as that of England. The quality of American workmanship is said to be better, and the

cost of packing two thirds less than that of England. The duties on Iron in U States being so high several cargoes of machinery have lately arrived in this country from England — the Patterson Works not being able to compete with Birmingham in the reduction of prices.

The feeling of the people of this City is very violent against the United States and Texas, and previous to the overthrow of the late Government, abusive articles were constantly appearing in the Daily papers against the President, for thinking of receiving an Envoy from the U. States, whose presence they declared an insufferable insult to the City — and a degradation of the National honor. I pass among them unnoticed, no one recognizing me for an American, but frequently for “un Habanno.” I hear them boasting, their threats against the United States; and I am fully satisfied there is scarcely a man among them who would of his own consent, today march to Texas or would wittingly give one dollar to bear the expenses of others.

The President’s message having arrived by the Brig of war Somers, is just being translated, and in a correct manner. The first part of it appeared yesterday, consequently I am unable to state what impression it will make upon the people generally; yet I know, that those who were favorable to placing a Foreign Prince at the head of this Government, have received a shock which it will take them sometime to recover from. The Archbishop is at the head of this party, and one of his strongest reasons for supporting the Army, is, that he may have a strong force to sustain him in his views. He hopes and expects the assistance of France and England, which powers, report says, have promised a force of ten thousand men each, to maintain the new monarch on his throne. The English in the City cannot help admiring the message, whilst they are encouraged at the positions taken by the President.

There is nothing new today, except Gen’l Paredes having declined receiving the pay of President of the Republic, and will accept only that of General of Division. A hand bill is being circulated reminding Gen’l Paredes of his promise to make war upon Texas. It is of no importance, further than showing the feeling of the people.

Mr Slidell having informed me he had a copy of my instructions, I shall send this with his Despatch. We have been very little together, and so particular have I been to make my commercial character known, that the gentlemen of the house where Mr Slidell resides, have not the least idea of my being an officer. It is very much to be regretted that Mr. Slidell is not received here. His dignified and gentlemanly bearing, have already induced a respect, which I am sorry to add, report says, our former representatives, with but one exception, did not obtain.

Our Consul is very highly respected by all classes, both Foreign and Mexican, and watches the interest of his country with a zeal worthy of an American. Mr Black lives in a plain, quiet, unassuming manner, by which he avoids

public attention, and no doubt, obtains much valuable information for the Government.

Since my arrival here, I have heard Mr Larkin of Monterey, spoken of in the highest terms, as a man of exceeding shrewdness of character and the most perfect American in his feelings. My anxiety to hand him at an early day, the instructions of the Government is very great, and I shall use every exertion in my power to push forward on my road. I go to that Country with high hopes of success—the revolution has favored the march of Independence far beyond the expectations of every one of any reflection, and from what I can learn, I am quite sure the Californians will not be slow, to take advantage of a movement so decidedly in their favor.

My next communication I hope to date at San Blas or Masatlan.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Very Respectively
Your Mo. obt Sert—
ARCHI H. GILLESPIE

NOTES

1. See this *Quarterly*, XVII, 123-40, 271-84, 325-50, June, September and December, 1938. The letters published by Mr. Ames are to be found in Area No. 9 of the Archives of the Navy Department while the letters now presented are to be found in Area No. 11.

2. J. B. Moore, ed., *The Writings of James Buchanan*, VI, 275-78.

3. See letters dated Mazatlan, February 11, 1846, and Monterey, April 18, 1846, this *Quarterly*, XVII, June, 1938.

4. Filed with this letter is one addressed to Bancroft by the Boston merchant, T. Hopper, enclosing letters for the use of "Mr. G." dated Boston, October 21, 1845.

5. The Mexicans considered the Nueces River the western boundary of Texas and, because of the openly expressed Texan and American claim to the territory between that river and the Rio Grande, were expecting—and intended to resist—an American invasion of the territory in dispute.

TO CALIFORNIA THROUGH TEXAS AND MEXICO

*The Diary and Letters of Thomas B. Eastland
and Joseph G. Eastland, His Son*

(Concluded)

CAMP 58 Sept. 12th Wednesday On the Chihuahua road 8 miles from No 57 [Coon's Ranch, on the Rio Grande, opposite El Paso] where we arrived about 10 P. M. catching up with a large Train going through— Sold my wagon & mules (reserving my riding Horse) for near Cost—made a favorable arrangement for transportation of baggage—hired a Mexican Cart & left the worthless town & people of El Paso, I hope for ever, regretting only the loss of the fine fruit— with ordinary speed I must beat the remainder of the party near 60 days to San Francisco, & have no trouble with Wagons or Animals, or high prices for the roughest accomodations.

Camp 59 Sept. 13 Thursday Encamped 25 miles from No 58 midnight at a boiling spring called Oho Samialuke⁴⁷ near the *Sand Hills*,⁴⁸ which, for a distance of 7 miles are almost impassable— we rest our teams (10 to Each Wagon) until tomorrow Evening for this work— Water poor, Grass fair—the road thus far very fine— We are very comfortably fixed, have two large Wagons, carrying scarcely any thing but our baggage, giving ample room for sleeping, & traveling quite fast—at the end of *10 days*, we will be in Chihuahua a distance of 300 M from El Paso, we are all delighted with the change, and our release from the many cares and anxieties which would attend our journeying with our own Mules & C, for the Indians are (in this Country) stealing every thing they can lay hands on—Mexicans no better— Judge Ewing accompanies us—All well.

Camp 60 Sept 14 Friday 10 miles from No 59 on the Prarie without water & poor Grass— left the last Encampment about 3 P.M. traveled all night on the Sand Hills and reached this Camp at sun rise, here we will stop a few hours to rest and graze our Animals— If any of the Emigrant party had to cross such a road, they would have had great difficulty, and perhaps completely destroyed their teams—I am still more convinced of the propriety of my course in taking this route— Our way now is broad and good, and supplies ample for us all— I feel much more satisfied than when *Wild goose* traveling with the *Grand Army*—All well.

Camp No 61 Sept 15 (Saturday) 25 miles from No 60 at the Oho Lu-sara⁴⁹ which we reached about midnight— Grass indiferent— This spring is slightly impregnated with sulphur, but the water is tolerably good—Road fine . . .

Camp No 62 Sept 16th Sunday 25 miles from No 61 at a Saca or ditch near the Village of Carizal⁵⁰— Grass indifere[n]t water good— nooned at a Spring (name not known) near by, and between two lakes⁵¹—Visited [town] after night, in Company with Judge Ewing, procured some fruit and Onions, heard the Padre say or rather sing his Prayers, were kindly treated by the Citizens, and reached Camp at 10 O C P.M.—All Well.

Camp 63 Monday Sept. 17 23 miles from No 62 near a mountain named "Jesus Maria" Grass good—No Water— Nooned at a beautiful spring called *Oho Caliente*⁵² or Warm Spring—found the water very good—here we had fine bathing— the spring breaks from a mountain, forms a large pool, and runs off in a body sufficient for considerable water power— the land around is good & I have no doubt that at some day a considerable settlement will form on this stream— saw many Rabbits to day but could not get a shot— Deer are very scarce, Antelope more numerous, but very wild, We have a good supply of Sheep along which answers every purpose—

Camp 64 Sept 18 Tuesday 24 miles from No. 63 at a water Hole which was reached at 8½ P M. Met a Company of Mexican soldiers going to El Paso barracks, they were a fine looking set of fellows—pity they *wont* fight— I had on a Dragoon Over Coat, they stared at it and spoke of it—they had seen the like before— I must not wear this about Chihuahua, it would bring me no favor in the eyes of the rascaly old Governor, or any of the Mexican Citizens— it was near this City that Donophan with his brave Missourians fought and won the celebrated battle of "Sacramento"⁵³ We are getting along admirably and anticipate a pleasant & quick journey to the Pacific— saw some Antelope but they were too wild to approach within Gunshot— Grass good—

Camp 65 Sept 19 Wednesday 16 miles from No 64 on the Prarie— nooned at the Oho [Ojo] Diagus,⁵⁴ a fine spring, rising at the base of a mountain, and forming a large Basin sinks again in the same spot— here and in this neighborhood I have seen finer grass (Mosquite & Gama) than anywhere else on the journey— Arrived at this Camp at 8½ o.c. P M. No Water—

Camp 66 Sept 20th Thursday 28 miles from No 65— nooned at a large Lake⁵⁵— traveled till 12 at *night* encamped on the Prarie— no water Grass fine— saw several hundred Antelope, shot at a herd running, missed— Killed 5 Ducks at one shot— All well.

Camp 67 Sept 21 Friday 16 miles from No 66 nooned on a fine Creek— Grass & Water Good—water fowl very abundant— . . . traveled till 8 P M stopping on the Prarie— no other than rain Water, of which there was plenty— passed a Ranche which a few days ago was visited by the Indians, who took away a Woman & child and some horses and mules—two men were wounded.

Camp 68 Sept 22 Saturday 22 miles from No 67 on the Prarie & near the

battle Ground of "*Sacramento*" where Donophan with his Miss^o Vol^s whipped the Mexicans in Febry 1846— this must have been a gallant affair, with a force about $\frac{1}{4}$ in number, compared with that of the Enemy, he completely routed them in a very short time, notwithstanding they were well fortified and had greatly the advantage of position—a number of pieces of Canon, great quantities of Small Arms, Camp Equipage &C fell into the hands of the victors. the Mexicans say if the Americans had fought like *Men* instead of *Devils* the result would have been diferent.⁵⁶

Camp 69 Sunday Sept. 23 At *Chihuahua*⁵⁷ 15 miles from No 68—making the distance from El Paso 237 miles according to my estimate.⁵⁸ I do not think it differs 5 miles from the true distance, though it is called 100 Mexican Leagues— At this place I had a violent attack of the Fever confining me to my room for several days— two days after our arrival the Cholera broke out & the work of death (particularly among the lower classes) seemed great as to numbers & very sudden — we are disapointed in not meeting with transportation as soon as expected and consequently have to remain until it is ready— We have now consumed the remainder of September and to day is

October 1st Monday—Up to which time the Cholera has increased as well as the mortality— It seems that the Mexican Physicians do not understand how to treat it—The American Physicians have been more successful—After a much longer stay at this place than we expected or wished, we procured transportation and left it on the 7th October— It would take too long to describe the City of Chihuahua in this journal—I have not the time— My letter of the 5th Inst. to Mrs. E. gives a full description of the town, its sights &C &C, and that will answer every purpose, as this journal is only a Memorandum of our journey, intended for home use.

THOMAS B. EASTLAND'S CHIHUAHUA LETTER

Chihuahua (Che-waw-wah) Mexico

October 5th 1849

My Dear Wife

My last letter was written from El Paso, and bore date the 12th of September.⁵⁹ On the Ev'g of that day, we left for this City, arriving, (after a fatiguing travel, more by night than day) on the morning of the 23rd.—The Cholera, in its worst form, made its appearance, the day after our arrival, and several hundred have died, among the number a few foreigners.—Yesterday I attended the funeral of Dr. Groves, (said to hail from Tennessee) he came to this Country with Genl Price, during the War,—married a wealthy Mexican Lady, and had become a Citizen, his remains were attended to their long home, by almost every foreigner, residing or sorjourning in the City—the disease is said to be abating, and hopes are entertained that it will soon disappear altogether,—but tomorrow may see it re-appear with ten-fold

fatality—it has been singularly erratic in its course through this country—first appearing at Brazos Santiago and Matamoras on the Gulf of Mexico, thence passing W.S.W. through the states of *Tamaulipas*, *Nuevo Leon*, and *Zacatecas*, it suddenly turns N.W. to the City of Durango (the Capital of the State of Durango) where it was very fatal, thence changing its course *due North*, it suddenly appears here at a distance of 500 Miles from Durango, and on a direct line towards El Paso and Santa Fe.—The Mexicans have very little confidence in their own Physicians. On the appearance of the Cholera, great numbers of them went in a body to the Governor, petitioning him to annul a Government Edict, prohibiting American Physicians from practising, after a good deal of parade and bombast it was done, and some of them, while being very successful, are reaping a rich harvest—the superstition of the Mexicans, is only equaled by their profound ignorance, no sooner had the Cholera appeared, than miracles were daily occurring—it was reported and believed, that the image of the Virgin Mary, was seen to weep tears of Blood—the Cathedral was constantly filled with anxious and deluded people, who believed and *paid for* the story of an old Woman, who protested by all the Saints in the Callender that she witnessed the miracle—Other marvelous sights were seen—“a Rainbow in the shape of a Cross”—hail stones with the image of our Saviour, distinctly visible on them, &c—The age of Idolatry and superstition has not passed away yet in this benighted land, nor will, so long as the Bible is a *sealed Book*, to the Masses—

Our course from Paso Del Norte to this place, lay directly South, at the distance of Thirty Miles, we reached the great, and only obstruction to Wagons and Caravans passing over this road—it is a range of high Sand Hills (called Los Medonas)⁶⁰ across which the road passes, for some Six or Eight Miles, in very dry weather it is impassable for Wagons with ordinary teams, the great depth of the sand often times covering the axles, as many as thirty Mules, or as many Oxen, are sometimes required to get a loaded Wagon through, large trains are often delayed, some days in passing over.—Fortunately our Train, (consisting of 18 Wagons, 10 Mules to each) happened to reach the Hills just after a hard rain, which made the road tolerably firm, and after toiling all night we reached the opposite side, though the Animals were greatly fatigued. With this exception, the Road for the whole distance (I estimate 237 Miles) is level, firm, and beautiful, winding over an elevated plain, among low, picturesque Mountains (spurs probably of the main Cordilleras). For the first Sixty or Seventy Miles, the only Water to be had is from two springs, or Pools, which rise and sink in the same spot, whose waters are strongly impregnated with Mineral substances, quite unpalatable, and only used from absolute necessity.—Lake *Petos*⁶¹ a handsome sheet of water, slightly brackish, skirts the road. We stopped an hour or two at mid-day on its banks. I amused myself in shooting wild fowl, with which it abounds. Further on we came to the Village of Carrizal,⁶² a small Hamlet, containing

some 500 Inhabitants. Here we procured a supply of fruit &c— This place and neighborhood is well irrigated, having on either side, large *acequias* (saccas) or ditches, from which branch smaller ones in various directions. Near this we came to the celebrated *Ojo Caliente* (Warm Springs)⁶³ a magnificent pool of pure water, as limpid as chrystal, gushing from a mountain side, and falling into a beautiful basin (of firm and smooth bottom) some fifty yards in circumference, and running off in a bold stream sufficiently powerful for water power on a moderate scale.—The temperature and depth of water is just right for bathing at all seasons of the year. We did not loose the opportunity of indulging in this luxury. Were this spring in the U. S. *fashion*, would soon herald it as *Head Quarters* for holding her court, and news-papers would teem with lauditory paragraphs on the delicious luxury of bathing in its delightful waters.—Very soon after leaving this spring, we came to the *Rio Carmen*, which, though usually without a drop of Water in its channel, we found a very wide and angry looking stream, while the neighboring *Arroyas* or Ravines were perfectly dry. I cannot account for the phenomenon, otherwise than by supposing that one of those *concentrated* rains, which sometimes visit this Country, as well as Texas, fell immediately in the vicinity of the River, and its tributaries, causing it to swell to such an immense size. Still further on our route we came to the *Laguna de Encinillas*,⁶⁴ a sheet of water, some ten or fifteen miles in length, by two or three in width.—The water is strongly impregnated with nauseous Mineral substances, rendering it almost unfit for use. On the banks of this Lake, the Governor of Chihuahua (Trias) has a *Hacienda*,⁶⁵ which at one time was one of the richest in the State in cattle of all descriptions, but the Indians have laid waste this beautiful Valley, and driven off the immense herds that once covered the plains.

Another days march brought us to *Sacramento*, the celebrated battle ground, where Donophan, with his gallant little band, fought and conquered the boasting Chihuahuans, with a force greatly inferior, numerically, and under many disadvantages.⁶⁶ I rode over the ground, carefully examining the fortifications & position of the Mexicans, and felt proud that a hand-full of my Countrymen, should, from an open plain, exposed to a galling fire from an Enemy quadruple their number, ensconced behind their breast-works, not only carry every thing before them, but within an hour's time be complete masters of the field, and in less than 48 *hours* afterwards march into the Capital of the state, planting the "Broad stripes and Red stars" upon the House Tops.—At this battle, *Govenor Trias* figured *for a few minutes*. He was however "*taken with a leaving*," early in the action, and I understand, never stopped until he reached the City of Mexico.—This functionary is an ordinary looking character, dark, sallow, *Mexican* looking countenance, with a good deal of the *Bombastes Furioso* in it— to use a homely phrase he loves Americans "like a dog loves hickory" and I am well satisfied of a perfect

reciprocity of feeling. Formerly he openly manifested his hostility, by various tyrannical and petty acts— recent events have admonished him to be more circumspect.—He has been Gov^r of this State for many years, and is likely to be as long as he pleases, not because he is popular, but because, being the owner of several large *Haciendas*, upon which he has many *Peons* or *slaves*, together with his *official* influence over others, who are equally wealthy in *that Kind of Stock*, he cannot be beat. These *free* and *independent voters*, are taken to the Polls *en-masse*, and quickly vote their *Masters ticket*, without the privilege of exercising their own judgment as to the merits of the candidates.—Thus the Governor is elected, not by the *free* choice of a *majority* of his fellow Citizens but by the controlling influence of a *few Men*. This is *free suffrage*, according to Mexican practise. "*Liberty and Equality*" with these people, are empty sounds, meaning nothing.—The Revolution changed their form of Government, but did not better their Social or Moral condition.—The work of *Independence* was only *blocked out*; the *bone* and *sinew*, a little more Americanized, will some day finish it. Near Sacramento is the town of *Torreon*, which was visited by the Indians, the night before we passed; and robbed of a number of Cattle. Adjoining the battle field, and immediately on the banks of the Sacramento River, is another Rancho belonging to Gov^r Trias,⁶⁷ upon which there are many hundred Cattle, almost invariably of very dark color.—It is said to be a matter of pride with the proprietors of these *Haciendas*, to maintain a uniformity in the color of their Cattle.—Thus some are stocked with red, others black, &c., or whatsoever shade the owner may fancy.—"Jacobs" taste was different. Throughout the extent of this road, the plains and highlands, generally are of a *Prarie* character, and do not differ materially from those between San Antonio and El Paso; the soil, though in many places, fertile looking, must remain wholly unavailable for agricultural purposes, on account of its natural aridity, and a lack of Water and Timber.

There is perhaps more Mineral Wealth in the State of Chihuahua, than any other in the Republic, and a few of the Silver Mines are profitably worked, particularly one in this neighborhood, but the national indolence of the people, and their fear of the Indians (who do just as they please *all about here*) deter them from making extensive researches, by which alone the wealth of the state, in precious metals can be developed.

The City of Chihuahua,⁶⁸ compared with the Towns through which we have passed, since reaching Mexico, may be called a magnificent place— It was founded sometime in the latter part of the 17th Century— it is handsomely situated on an elevated plain, surrounded by low Mountains, with a pretty little stream flowing along its North side—the elevation of the City above the Ocean (Atlantic) about 5000 feet, its latitude 28° 36', and its population computed at 12,000— The Parochial Church, which is said to be equal in architectural grandeur to any thing of the sort in the Republic, first attracts the attention of the traveller, approaching the City from the

North—it is seen at a great distance towering above all other buildings,—we heard its large and sonorous Bells afar off— many days had passed since our ears were greeted with the sound of “Church going Bells,” and our thoughts joyfully turned towards *home*— it is built of white Lime-stone, and occupies a portion of the Grand Plaza— about the year 1750 it was commenced—30 years were consumed in building it, at a cost (as 'tis said) of over a *Million of Dollars*, which was raised, principally by contributions levied upon the mines of the state, on all metals extracted therefrom— At each corner of the main front, rise turrets of beautiful proportion and chaste workmanship, over an hundred feet above the Azotea, or roof— in the rear and immediately over the Altar, is a magnificent Dome, through the sides of which, a soft, mellow light is admitted, giving a peaceful and quiet appearance to all beneath— the frontispiece over the Main Entrance is a very elaborate piece of sculpture— in appropriate niches are to be seen a number of Statues, as large as life, the whole intended to represent Christ and the Twelve Apostles— the side entrances are also of beautiful workmanship, indeed the whole exterior is very imposing, and would command admiration in any part of the world— not so the interior—(with the exception of the Chancel and its appendages), there is nothing to attract particular attention—every thing is very plain, no carved work—the walls are coarsely white-washed, and hung around with a number of apparently badly executed pictures— the Organ is small and of indifere[n]t tone—the Choir by no means above ordinary— the *band of Music*, belonging to the Church is very good, but it seems to me entirely out of place— the steeples are well provided with Bells, which keep up such an eternal ding-donging, as almost to frighten the “Island from its propriety,” however, since the Cholera commenced, this noise has measurably stopped, the two evils being more than mortal man could stand at the same time— The Churches of *San Francisco*, and *Guadalupe*, are also fine old buildings, they are said to contain some of the finest and most valuable pictures, belonging to the Church in Mexico,— The ruins of the *Collegio of San Francisco*, the mere contour of an immense edifice, commenced by the Jesuits in 1753, but never finished, gives evidence that a powerful and vigorous mind, had conceived and directed its progress— The Expulsion of the Jesuits in 1767 prevented its completion, but the expansive and highly wrought arches, the lofty domes and turrets, and mouldering architectural relics that lay scattered around, plainly indicate, that the plan of this building, was conceived in a spirit of far greater magnificence than the Paroquia, which I have been describing— One portion of the ruin is used as Soldiers Barracks, another (the Chapel) as a *Blacksmith Shop*! “Sic-transit-gloria-mundi!”—At one time it was used as a prison—the principals of the famous *Texan Santa-Fe Expedition*⁶⁹ were imprisoned here awhile when passing through, on their way to the City of Mexico—The illustrious, but ill fated Hidalgo,⁷⁰ famous in the history of the early part of the Revolu-

tion was taken prisoner, and incarcerated within these gloomy walls, from whence he only emerged to meet an ignominious death, at the hands of his enemies— After his defeat at the battle of Guadalupe, he was captured, and brought to the City, where he was shot on the 30th July 1811 in a little square back of his prison—a plain monument of Hewn stone marks the spot— The Plaza Publica is worthy of notice—it is quite a large square, surrounded by Trees, under which are many comfortable stone Benches for the accomodation of the public—in the centre is a handsome fountain, from which flows, into a large Basin, a constant stream of pure Water, giving an ample supply to the City for all purposes— this water is conveyed some distance, partly by aqueducts, partly on the surface, and partly under ground— On the sides of the Plaza are situated the Government House, the Legislative Hall—the Alcaldes office, Court rooms, stores, dwellings &c— The Houses, with few exceptions are all one story, and built of *Adobe*, some of them are quite handsome, the doors, window fronts, and cornices being of carved stone work— All *civilized* looking works, are to be *credited* to the times, when this Country was under the rule of Old Spain—the *modern* improvements tell a tale not very creditable to the conquerors— No fine and costly churches—no beautiful plazas—no magnificent works of art, are even conceived of by the Mexicans, they are to all intents and purposes, a retrograding race of beings, and I see no way of starting them ahead, except by stirring them up, with a little *Yankee Enterprize*—

A mint is in operation here, coining as I am informed by the Director from Six to Eight Hundred Thousand Dollars per Annum— It is impossible to procure Exchange on America, and as the exportation of Bullion is prohibited a good deal of difficulty and risk is experienced by the Traders in getting their money out of the Country—

The stocks of Goods in this market are very heavy, and the Merchants anticipate an unprofitable years business.

I have seen nothing rare in the way of Flowers or Shrubbery, the people have no taste for either— between this and Durango, I am told there are many curious plants,—I shall see— I have procured the seed of a species of Clover growing in this Country, which I think will be a valuable acquisition to the Grasses of the Western States, it grows very luxuriantly, and is said to be far more nutritious than the comon White or Red Clover— Speaking of grass put me in mind of the fair sex—I have again been disappointed in the *Senoritas*—I have seen hundreds here, but they are not handsome—they seem to get old prematurely— I have not seen a single rosy-cheeked, sprightly face in all Chihuahua— On the day of our arrival, *Sunday*—there was to be a grand *Bull fight*,⁷¹ which, *being the last of the season*, I was determined to see, though I had to lay aside my scruples, for the occasion— Some three or four thousand people were assembled in the Amphitheatre, mostly females, and said to be the *ton* of the town—I saw no beauty there—

A good many of them were smoking *Cigarritos*, which was rather against them, but this is comon— Some of the good old Catholic priests, I saw officiating at the Sanctuary in the morning were there, and seemed to enjoy the sport amazingly— I waited and saw two *tolerably tame steers killed*, and left, perfectly satisfied and disgusted with the celebrated Spanish amusement of *Bull fighting* — tis useless to describe the *modus-operandi*— I have seen many an Old Cow in Tennessee, that turned loose in an Arena, with these fellows, would “knock them into a cocked hat” the first lick—

The *Alameda* or promenade is an extensive and pretty walk, well shaded with groves of Cotton Wood trees—this is common ground for all classes, and is much resorted to after the heat and business of the day is over—

There are a good many *small* specimens, of *half* and *half* humanity seen about the streets, invariably from *two to two and a half years old*—(the American troops occupied the City for some time in 1846)—I have no doubt the stock will be improved—I particularly noticed one little flaxen haired fellow in the Cathedral, he walked about among the *greasers* (as the Mexicans are called) as proud looking as a Game Cock, as much as to say “who cares”—he realy seemed conscious of his superiority—

If this hasty scrawl, will afford you any amusement in the reading, I shall be fully repaid for the labor of writing it—

Tomorrow morning we set out for Durango, where our stay will be very short, as I am desirous to reach Mazatlan by the 1st of Novr—

Yours Truly

THOS B EASTLAND

Camp 70 Octr 7th—Sunday 7 Miles from Chihuahua or Camp 69, on the Prarie, Water & Grass mean . . .

Camp 71 Oct 8 (Monday) On the Prarie 21 Miles from No 70,—Water & Grass good—no occurrence worthy of note—All well.

Camp 72 Oct 9 Tuesday On the Prarie 25 Miles from Camp 71 Grass poor—no water—about mid-night the guard gave the alarm of Indians, speedily every man was up, with arms in hand—the animals were driven in—Some 8 or 10 were found missing—a party went in pursuit early next morning, they came up with the Indians (4 in number) who were eating breakfast in a ravine—they were fired upon, but escaped—the animals were retaken and arrived in Camp at 11 O C A M—

Camp 73 Oct 10th Wednesday 7 miles from Camp 72 at the town of Santa Cruz,⁷² a small place of about 1000 Inhabitants, a few stores, and an indiferent looking Church— we were politely treated by the Inhabitants, procured Mutton, Eggs, Sugar & C at fair prices, also Corn for our horses at one fifth the price paid at El Paso— there is good water power in this neighborhood, two or three flour mills established, a smelting establishment

is here also, Minerals—Gold, Silver & Copper found in the neighboring mountains but are poorly worked on account of the Indians—

Camp 74 Oct 11 Thursday At Santa Cruz the traders (Mexicans) with whom we are traveling vending merchandize—

Camp 75 Oct 12 Friday 4 miles from No 74 Water & Grass inferior . . .

Camp 76 Oct 13 Saturday 18 miles from No. 75 on the Rio Conchios [Conchos], a handsome little River, flowing into the Rio Grande near Precidio Del Norte— here just at nightfall the alarm of Indians was given, the Animals were speedily Corraled, and every man ready to give the Red skins a warm reception — they no doubt got frightened and ran off, as we had no further disturbance during the night— we expect some trouble from them before we get thro, as they are said to be very numerous on the Road— There are 31 Wagons along and near one hundred men— those with our party are *New Mexicans* (now Americans), and do not seem afraid—they are however well pleased to have a few Americans along, as they say the Indians don't like to interfere with *them*.

Camp 77 Oct. 14—Sunday Passed the small town of La Cruz, 400 Inhabitants, 20 miles from No 76 and Encamped near it on Conchios— no grass— bought fodder & Corn for our Animals, and some provisions at fair prices— here I was taken sick again with Fever, and confined for several days in a jolting Wagon, without a single comfort— thank God I got well, and on the 18th (the day I commence my journal again) am able to sit up awhile) All well.

Camp 78 Oct 15 Monday 15 miles from 77 at the Town at Santa Rosalia,⁷³ a place containing about 800 Inhabitants said to be all rogues & cut throats . . . purchased forage for our Animals— no Grass—the Country very poor.

Camp 79 Oct 16 Tuesday 18 Miles from 78 on the Rio Florida⁷⁴— No grass—Country poor—no settlements.

Camp 80 Oct 17 Wednesday 18 Miles from 79 on the Prarie— grass poor, water good—no settlement— here we changed to Wagons going nearly to Durango, those we started from Chihuahua in, going only half the way— nothing of interest to be seen in this awful country.

Camp 81 Oct 18th Thursday 20 Miles from No 80, on the Prarie,— water & Grass—(latter better than for some days)— feel pretty well to day, though weak, plenty of water fowl in the neighborhood, Jo & Judge E out gunning— saw five Mounted Men on the top of a mountain this Evg, they soon disappeared dont know whether they were Mexicans or Indians— this part of the country abounds in Silver Ore— The Towns of Parral⁷⁵ and El Vaya we passed near by to day, they are both considerable mining places— we expected to have passed thro the former, but took a nearer road to the Eastward.

Camp 82 Oct 19 Friday 20 Miles from No 81 at the Village of *Concepcion*⁷⁶ on Concepcion River— No grass—purchased forage— This place was settled by the Old Spaniards and must have been a pleasant village, as the now neglected gardens and groves & avenues of trees indicate, the Mexicans let every adornment in the way of gardens &C, give place to sheep yards &C—A poor set truly—

Camp 83 Oct 20th Saturday 12 Miles from No 82 at the Village of Florida,⁷⁷ a place of some 500 inhabitants with a pretty church, having some fine pictures— the people here appeared industrious compared with those of other villages passed—I noticed several Blanket Makers, busily engaged— Here a fat old Priest joined us, journeying to San Louis [Luis] Potosi, where he has been called.

Camp 84 Oct 21 Sunday 20 Miles from No 83 on the banks of La Parida which is a fine stream and the boundary between Chihuahua and Durango— so we are now in another of the Mexican states, and right glad are we, as it begins to look like coming to the Ocean— this is a fine Camp, Water and Grass both superb—all well.

Camp 85 Oct 22 Monday 20 Miles from No 84 at the town of *Cerro Gordo*⁷⁸— this is a miserable looking town, cont'g perhaps four or five hundred Inhabitants. . . . For several mornings we have had Frost and very Cool weather, this is said to be remarkable for this latitude.

Camp 86 Oct 23 Tuesday 18 Miles from No 85 on the Prarie, Water & Grass fine. . . .

Camp 87 Oct 24 Wednesday 20 Miles from No 86 on the Prarie, Water & Grass good— to-day passed what was once one of the richest Haciendas in the Republic, the owner drove many thousand animals to market annually, and acquired an immense fortune, some few years since he died, leaving his Estate to his Widow and three children, who lost it all by Gambling— name of the Hacienda, "*La Sarca*"⁷⁹— it is now in a dilapidated state, and scarcely an animal is seen on the surrounding plains.

Camp 88 Oct 25 Thursday 30 Miles from No 87 at the town of El Gallo⁸⁰ (Gayo) a poor place, & nothing about it worthy of notice, except that the people refused to take *American Coin*, being too ignorant to know the value of different pieces.

Camp 89 Oct 26 (Friday) 18 Miles from No 88 on the Prarie, Grass poor, Water miserable—All well.

Camp 90 Oct 27 Saturday 18 Miles from No 89 on the Prarie— no Water—Grass fair— to-day crossed the Rio Nasas,⁸¹ a beautiful, clear bold stream, running (where we crossed) thro a valley of fine land, well cultivated in Corn Cotton &C, but the people are poor and lazy— we found it difficult to procure even a piece of meat, after searching the whole settlement— last night had to *pay for Water, taken from a Mud Hole—Mexican Law*.

Camp 91 Oct 28 Sunday On the Prarie 25 miles from No 90— no water, Grass poor— to-day passed the town of Pedrisena,⁸² containing some four or five hundred inhabitants, it is a poor place, and kept up by a Silver Mine in the neighborhood of no great richness— here we had to *pay for Water*⁸³—

Camp 92 Oct 29 Monday 20 miles from No 91 at the town of Cuin-camme⁸⁴ (Quin-ca-may) where we leave the Wagons, and take pack Mules for Durango, (three days journey)— this is a very pretty town, the people appear to be industrious—we have met with more civil treatment from them than anywhere else—population about 1500—the Church is a handsome building *outwardly* but poor inside.

Oct 30 Tuesday Remained at Cuincame waiting for Pack Mules. we spent the day pleasantly among the Natives, many of whom came to our quarters—

Camp 93 Oct 31 Wednesday 39 Miles from Camp No 92 at *Tapias* where we were much troubled to procure food for our animals— a fine spring of Water is near this Rancho— we slept *out of doors* comfortably—

Camp No 94 Nov. 1st Thursday 30 Miles from No 93 at Porfias where we procured plenty of forage and had good quarters for the night— Water good.

Camp No 95 Nov 2nd Friday 60 Miles from No 94 at *Durango*,⁸⁵ where we procured good quarters at the *Maison de St Joseph*—here we found an abundance of every thing at moderate prices— Durango is quite a large city, population estimated at 25,000—its churches and public buildings are well built, and some of them beautiful, indeed we are all astonished to find so handsome a City— the good buildings are all ancient, and creditable to the *Old Spaniards*—the *modern improvements* are not worth notice, except to show the *positive* inertness of the Mexicans—

Nov 3rd, 4th & 5th (Saturday, Sunday & Monday) Remaining at Durango, waiting for transportation to Mazatlan and to rest after our long ride from Chihuahua, the distance according to my estimate being

538 miles

Camp No	96	Tuesday	Nov ^r	6th)	Leaving Durango on the 6th we
"	"	97	Wednesday	— 7—)	arrived at Puerto Mazatlan on the
"	"	98	Thursday	— 8—)	15th after a very fatigueing ride over
"	"	99	Friday	— 9—)	the worst Road perhaps on the Con-
"	"	100	Saturday	— 10—)	tinent—Soon after leaving Durango
"	"	101	Sunday	— 11—)	we commenced ascending the <i>Sierra</i>
"	"	102	Monday	— 12—)	<i>Madra</i> Mountains, which with the
"	"	103	Tuesday	— 13—)	<i>Sierra De Coasta</i> Mountains con-
"	"	104	Wednesday	— 14—)	tinue nearly the whole distance to
"	"	105	Thursday	— 15—)	Mazatlan— in many places the
					Road or <i>Path</i> is too narrow to ad-

mit of two animals passing—from long use, deep channels are worn out, barely wide enough for a single mule to pass— sometimes the ascent is nearly perpendicular for many hundred feet, so is the descent, and over huge piles of rocks seemingly impassable—immense Gulfs frequently bound the passway, and certain death would be the fate of the Traveler if his animal should make a misstep— the Scenery is magnificent, beyond description—the mountains are well watered, and better timbered than any I have seen in America, Many rare Trees, Shrubs & Flowers attracted our attention, and helped greatly to make the ride less wearisome. We found Ranches at convenient distances where Corn, Fodder, Eggs & C were procured⁸⁶— Mazatlan⁸⁷ is not a large place—perhaps it contains from three to four thousand inhabitants, some few of the buildings are very pretty, and *modern* built—they look *European*—certain it is they are not *Mexican*— there is an air of business here, only seen at Sea Port Towns— the harbor is an open Roadstead but apparently a safe one— the stores are well stocked with Merchandise, and are generally owned by English or French— like all other Mexican towns, this has no Hotel—the traveler stops at what is called a *Maisone*⁸⁸ where he hires a *naked* room for a certain price per day, procuring his food as best he can— here the Eating houses are numerous, and some of them good— we eat at one kept by some Chinese—each dish is served for 12½c—it is an expensive way of living— The *Cholera* is prevailing here now, and we are deprived of the fine fruits we hoped to enjoy, the Authorities having prohibited the sale of any, until the health of the City is restored—We find the prospect for good or speedy transportation to San Francisco very gloomy & have to wait patiently now that we are at the *End* of the Road.

Camp 106—Friday 16th Nov.

- | | | |
|----|---|---|
| 17 | “ | Remaining at Mazatlan waiting for trans- |
| 18 | “ | portation which we have conditionally en- |
| 19 | “ | gaged on a French Bark, and will sail on |
| 20 | “ | her (unless a Steamer arrives) about the |
| 21 | “ | 30th Inst. |
| 22 | “ | |

23rd (Friday)—the glad sound of “a Steamer coming” greeted our ears this morning. She proved to be the Steam Ship “Oregon”⁸⁹ from Panama for San Francisco—we were fortunate enough to get passage on her, though greatly crowded, and before long were far from land, on the broad bosom of the Pacific—I met with several acquaintances on board, and had the gratification of hearing (for the first time for some months) from home, as well as seeing the news papers, during our stay at Mazatlan I frequently visited an old friend (Hamlet Ferguson formerly of Smithland Ky) in prison—he had the misfortune to kill a Mexican Soldier, and though in *self-defense* was sentenced to 12 Months imprisonment, I did every thing in my power to have

him released, but the American Consul or rather Acting Consul (Mr Bolton)⁹⁰ took no active part with me, and I was unsuccessful, had I remained a few days longer, Ferguson would have escaped, as our arrangements could hardly have failed, as it is the poor fellow must wait for liberty until his time is out—A party of Americans arrived at Mazatlan a few days before we left, a few of them got drunk, and behaved badly—the authorities wished to hold *all* the Americans responsible, we remonstrated and the guilty only were imprisoned—this was at night—next morning we found the gate of the Masone guarded by Mexican Troops, we wrote to the American Consul and *demand*ed his immediate action in the matter, he had not the *honor* of his flag first in his affections, but for fear it might offend the Mexican authorities, refused to act—(we afterwards understood that he was concerned with some of them in Commercial operations) we then applied to the British Minister, who promptly came forward and released all claiming to be British subjects, this of course many of us could not do— we represented the case to him, and stated the certainty of a serious difficulty, if the Troops were not instantly withdrawn, he was astonished at the conduct of our Consul, and said he would interfere as far as he could in so delicate a business— very soon after the guard was withdrawn— Our Government will be informed of the shameful conduct of her Representative at this Port and it will be a shame if he is permitted to remain—

(Saturday) Nov 24

25 At Sea—Nothing on the voyage worth particular
 26 notice— passed San Diego Monterey and other
 27 towns— the Coast is very mountainous and no ap-
 28 pearance of cultivation.
 29
 30

Dec 1st Saturday—Arrived at San Francisco after a long and fatiguing journey of

225 days from Nashville

204 “ “ New Orleans

traveling in all sorts of ways except by Rail Road a distance of near 6500 miles— thank God the journey is over, and we are in good health with willing hearts and hands, to work for the dear ones at home, whom we hope to join before a great while, with a competency for life.

So ends my hastily written little *private* journal—the sequel of my California expedition will go home in the shape of letters to my dear wife and children, and what I hope to recount hereafter at the fire side.⁹¹

THOMAS B. EASTLAND'S SAN FRANCISCO LETTER

San Francisco Dec 31, 1849

My Dear Wife

On the 1st Inst I arrived here, and before landing, had barely time to write you a short *pencil* letter by the returning steamer, advising you of our safe arrival and good health, which I hope will reach you in due time, and relieve all your anxieties on our account, which I know must have been great, as my death was not only currently reported, but published in some of the News papers—the fact is, that my health was never better and Jo is as fat and as well, as can be,—On the journey, I had two violent attacks of Fever, but then I was in the wilderness, or rather in the heart of Mexico, away from all previous associates, and how such a report could have got out and gained credence is more than I know—perhaps the name of *Major Beaman*⁹² who died on our march from San Antonio to El Paso, was mistaken for mine, at any rate, I am responsible for saying, that I am as far from being dead as any man might wish to be who hoped for prosperity and a speedy return to his friends and his home—I wrote to you from Mazatlan very hurriedly, and had I had time would have given you a description of our journey from Chihuahua, as I had not, I send you my journal for the whole route,—you will find it uninteresting, as I made it up hurriedly on the March, and omitted many circumstances which would have made it more readable—

I have been greatly disappointed in finding only one letter from you and that dated as far back as *June 4th*, I have no doubt there are others, but owing to the confusion of *every thing* in this new Country, I cannot get them, but hope to in a few days.

Landing here without a dollar, I was forced to borrow for present expenses (which are enormous) and to commence business under circumstances not at all flattering—perhaps I could succeed, but other and more flattering prospects have presented themselves, and I mean to avail myself of them—soon after I arrived here, but not before I had made arrangements for business, an offer was made me, to become the joint purchaser of a *Town site*, at the head of navigation on Feather River, one of the main tributaries of the Sacramento River—I embraced it, and in a few days will be domicilled at the “City of Oro” (City of Gold)⁹³ where I have every prospect of succeeding to my hearts content—the business I give up here, might be prosperous, but it is not so certain as that I am about to engage in—that I am hard run for means to get along you may well imagine but trust to my energies for success—I feel well assured that my prospects are bright for speedy success—I have already sold a small portion of my town interest for more than the whole cost—if it succeeds I will not be long in acquiring means enough to return home, if it does not, I am close to the richest mines in California, which will

ensure me a certain, and sure yield for my labor—I feel in good spirits and fear not the result—

The City of San Francisco and its business, perfectly amaze me, scarcely a year has past, since it was an insignificant Mexican town,—now it is a great City, with thousands of inhabitants, and a harbor filled with many vessels from all nations, every thing *wears* the appearance of prosperity, but that such is the *real* state of the case I much doubt—that Gold exists in great quantities no one doubts, but *it* is not the kind of product to build up and sustain a great City, Commerce and Agriculture alone can do this, the former cannot be prosperous, for the reason that the latter cannot (in this country) produce to any extent the wants of other parts of the world—the great number of ships now in Port are lying idle, and hundreds of others on the way must do the same, or be sold at ruinous sacrifices—I may be mistaken, but cannot but conclude that San Francisco has grown far beyond its *real* business wants, and must necessarily find a ruinous reaction before long—Real Estate is enormously high—just think of a room not larger than your Parlor *renting for \$10,000 a year*—money is worth from 120 to 150 pr ct per annum, and every thing in the way of personal expenses correspondingly high—Board per *week* \$60 to \$120, Boots from \$30 to \$90 pr pair, shoes and all sorts of clothing comparatively dear—very soon immense stocks will arrive and then this will be probably the cheapest market in the world, as it is now for many articles, which sell for less than the original cost—

Jo and myself get along very economically, we have innured ourselves to hardships and easily do without any of the comforts of home, and at the same time take good care of our health. Jo is now packing a small Box, to go to you in care of Woods Yeatman⁹⁴ it contains sundry seeds for Mr. Prichard, some news papers, shoes, (for you and Sarah) my Journal &c if there was any way of getting some China goods to you, I would send many pretty things, some day I may have a chance—Dow⁹⁵ is hired out at \$150 per month. I will take him with me to my new home, where he can make a great deal of money in the cooking business—

Capt Wm Yeatman⁹⁶ is here, he has just returned from the mines, and reports favorably of them, though he has not been very successful himself—he will soon return to resume his labors—Capt Wm. Irwin[?] ⁹⁷ is at the Mines, but cannot do much at this season of the year—I meet with many acquaintances, all after gold, they all think of going home, as soon as they make some money—

I have seen but little of the surrounding country, but from all accounts, consider but a small portion of it suitable for Agricultural purposes—here—after I can speak more knowingly of this important matter, for upon it depends the ultimate welfare of California and its seaports—

Up to this morning I hoped to send you \$500, but my efforts to raise it have been fruitless, this I regret more than any circumstance since we were

married, it is the first time, that I have been unable to send you money, and it distresses me beyond measure. I had rather live in want all my days, than see you and our dear children without the necessary comforts of life and the thought that you may be in want grieves me very much, but my dear wife, the darkest hour of the night is just before day, and I hope by the next steamer to place in your hands, all necessary means, and continue to do so regularly until my return home,—I have written to Alfred and Mr Prichard asking their aid for a little while and feel assured they will give it, as I would for them, under similar circumstances—You must be of good cheer, for I feel certain of success, and returning home temporarily at least some time next year.

Continue the Boys and Sissy at school. I think before long that I shall want Tom with me. I feel verry proud of our dear little daughter, she is surely a promising child, I think it was quite a compliment her school mates paid her to make her Queen of May. I am glad Andy and Taylor are such promising fellows, indeed we have reason to be proud of our children, and I hope we shall live to see them well established, as honorable and worthy members of society—

Remember me to all friends, tell Mr Prichard I would like to hear from him, Kiss the dear little ones for me, Love to all—I sincerely hope your Father will find some remedy for his eye and soon be restored to health again—

God Bless You and Ours—

Very Affectionately

Your Husband

THOS. B. EASTLAND

NOTES

47. *Ojo de San Malayuque*. "Several springs, I am told, are found near the sand hills; and it is not at all unlikely that this whole ground was once covered by a lake. One spring in particular, forming a water-hole at the foot of the sand hills, and called *ojo de malayuque*, is known as a usual camping place on our road." A. Wislizenus, *Memoirs of a Tour through Northern Mexico, Connected with Col. Doniphan's Expedition, in 1846 and 1847* (30th Cong., 1st Sess., Senate Miscellaneous Doc. No. 26), Washington, 1848, p. 43. George Wilkins Kendall, in his *Narrative of the Texan Santa Fe Expedition*, New York, 1844, II, 47, states that this water-hole was known as the Diamond of the Desert.

48. Josiah Gregg, in his *Commerce of the Prairies*, describing his trip from El Paso to Chihuahua in 1839, states that, "At the distance of about thirty miles we reached Los Médanos, a stupendous ledge of sand-hills, across which the road passes for about six miles. As teams are never able to haul the loaded wagons over the region of loose sand, we engaged an *atajo* of mules at El Paso. . . . These Médanos consist of huge hillocks and ridges of pure sand, in many places without a vestige of vegetation. Through the lowest gaps between the hills, the road winds its way." *Early Western Travels*, edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites, Cleveland, 1905, XX, 157. See also Wislizenus, *op. cit.*, pp. 26 and 27, and Thomas B. Eastland's letter to his wife, Chihuahua, October 5, 1849, printed herein.

49. The *Ojo de Lucero* (Venus' Spring) "is a fine spring, only a hundred yards to the left of our road. The water comes out of a small, sandy basin on the prairie, but with considerable force; it is clear and soft of taste, the temperature was 77.5° Fah., while the atmosphere in the shade was 81° Fah. A little creek, formed by it, crossed the road, and

spread to the right of it into a small lake." Wislizenus, *op. cit.*, p. 44. "The plain is mostly covered with grass, but near the Cerro de Lucero tracts of clay or sand are covered with an efflorescence apparently of carbonate of soda." Julius Froebel, *Seven Years' Travel in Central America*, London, 1859, p. 337.

50. Carrizal was founded about 1750 and was at one time considered a part of the province of New Mexico. It was later made a presidio at which were stationed troops to protect the country from the Apaches. Thwaites, *op. cit.*, p. 158. See also Kendall, *op. cit.*, p. 55, and Eastland's letter to his wife, Chihuahua, Oct. 5, 1849. Wislizenus (*op. cit.*, p. 45) states that it was the only town on the road from El Paso to Chihuahua. "The situation of this place is one of the most beautiful on the North Mexican tableland. An extensive plain, watered by several streams, is surrounded in the distance by a girdle of bare, steep mountains. . . . The place . . . is full of ruins, and lies on a raised platform consisting of hard red clay, with pebbles and fragments of sandstone, evidently changed by the influence of heat, red porphyry, black scoriaceous lava, yellow and green scoriæ, much resembling pumice, and numerous pebbles of chalcedony. The country is bare of trees, with the exception of the poplars along the irrigating canals." Froebel, *op. cit.*, pp. 338-39.

51. One was undoubtedly the *Laguna de los Patos* (Duck Lake). "Some miles ahead, to the left of our road, but more distant from it, a larger lake is seen in the plain, the Laguna de Patos; it is the outlet of the Rio Carmen. Between the Ojo Lucero and lake Patos, but to the right of our road, rises a square mound, some 20 feet high, and on its level top a warm spring boils up in the very centre. . . . Near the lake Patos the two roads from el Paso meet again." Wislizenus, *op. cit.*, pp. 44-45. See also Thwaites, *op. cit.*, p. 158, and John Russell Bartlett, *Personal Narrative of Explorations and Incidents in Texas, New Mexico, California, Sonora, and Chihuahua*, New York, 1854, II, 406-7.

52. The *Ojo Caliente* (Warm Spring) "is a clear, pure water, in a large basin of porphyritic rocks, with sandy bottom, out of which many warm springs come to the surface. The thermometer, placed in the springs, showed 82° Fah.; the atmosphere, 84° 5°. As an outlet from the basin, a creek runs into the Carmen below." Wislizenus, *op. cit.*, p. 45. Gregg writes, "Were this spring (whose outlet forms a bold little rivulet) anywhere within the United States, it would doubtless soon be converted into a place of fashionable resort. It proceeds, no doubt, from the little river of Carmen, which passes within a half a mile, and finally discharges itself into the small lake of Patos before mentioned. During the dry season, this stream disappears in the sands some miles above the spring; and what medium it traverses in its subterranean passage to impart to it so high a temperature, before breaking out in this fountain, would afford to the geologist an interesting subject of inquiry." Thwaites, *op. cit.*, pp. 158-59. See also Eastland's letter to his wife, Chihuahua, Oct. 5, and Bartlett, *op. cit.*, p. 410. The station called Ojo Calientes, on the Mexican Central Railway, is some distance from the springs.

53. See Note 56.

54. Possibly *Ojo de Callejo* (Spring of the Mountain Pass). Bartlett, *op. cit.*, p. 415; Wislizenus, *op. cit.*, p. 45.

55. The *Laguna de Encinillas* (Lake of Live-Oaks). "This '*Laguna de Encinillas*,' as it is called, is one of those remarkable lakes so common in Northern Mexico, with considerable afflux of water, but without any outlet. With the freshets of the affluent waters they rise of course, and fall again in the dry season. Although the water of the creeks and rivers that run into them is fresh, the water in the lakes has generally a salty, brackish taste, and the surrounding country is covered with *tequesquite*, or alkaline salt in a state of effervescence, which is used in the fabrication of soap. . . . The lake of Encinillas extends in its greatest length from north to south, and is, according to the season, from 10 to 20 miles long; at present I estimated it about 15; the breadth, on an average, is three miles." Wislizenus, *op. cit.*, p. 46. See also Eastland's letter to his wife, Chihuahua, Oct. 5; Thwaites, *op. cit.*, p. 159; and Bartlett, *op. cit.*, pp. 416-17.

56. The Battle of Sacramento, in the Mexican War, was fought on February 28, 1847. In it Col. Alexander William Doniphan and his First Regiment of Missouri Mounted Volunteers, assisted by about one hundred men of Clark's artillery and about one hundred Chihuahua Rangers, gained a decisive victory which resulted in the surrender of Chihuahua. Doniphan's report and those of other officers engaged in the battle are given

in 30th Cong., 1st Sess., Ex. Doc. No. 1, pp. 498-513. Lieutenant Colonel D. D. Mitchell's report of the battle is reprinted in Bartlett, *op. cit.*, pp. 420-21. See also John T. Hughes, *Doniphan's Expedition*, Cincinnati, 1848, and Justin Smith, *The War with Mexico*, New York, 1919, I, 303-13.

57. For descriptions of Chihuahua see Bartlett, *op. cit.*, pp. 431-35; Wislizenus, *op. cit.*, pp. 60-61; Kendall, *op. cit.*, pp. 62-68; Froebel, *op. cit.*, pp. 342-60; Hughes, *op. cit.*, pp. 331-33; and Eastland's letter to his wife, Chihuahua, Oct. 5, 1849.

58. The route taken by the Eastlands from El Paso to Chihuahua was approximately that taken by Josiah Gregg in 1839 and by Doniphan's expedition in 1846, and now traversed by the Mexican Central Railway.

59. The letter to which Eastland refers was dated September 11, 1849, and was printed in the March number of the *Quarterly*. On September 30, from Chihuahua, he had sent a short note by "a Gentleman leaving this morning for New Orleans." In it he wrote: "I am now en-route for Mazatlan Via Durango, which though apparently from El Paso, seems a strange way to get to California yet is no doubt in all respects the most preferable—those who have went the Gila route, have either failed, or greatly suffered, besides *no Gold* has been discovered on that River. We are all very tired—very unhappy on account of not being in a position to hear from you and send you money—Our funds are getting short, and but for my inexhaustable store of *big spirits* in trying times I should feel awkward in this land of Miserable people and Miserable things. . . ."

60. See Note 48.

61. See Note 51.

62. See Note 50.

63. See Note 52.

64. See Note 55.

65. "Twenty miles brought us to El Peñol, a large hacienda, near which a herd of cattle was grazing. . . . Near by is a small stream of clear water, bearing the same name as the hacienda, which discharges itself into the lake. On the opposite side of the valley, to the west, and near the termination of the lake, is the village of *Encinillas*, consisting of a church and a cluster of adobe houses. This village, as well as El Peñol and the vast grounds adjacent, are the property of General [Angel] Trias, formerly governor of Chihuahua. His estates at the time of the invasion of the Americans contained many thousand head of cattle, which he gave to his government for the support of the army, and for which, I was told, he has never made a claim." Bartlett, *op. cit.*, pp. 417-18.

66. See Note 56.

67. "A few miles brought us to the hacienda of El Sauz (The Willow)—a building inclosed by a wall full twenty feet high. This estate also belonged to General Trias. . . . This establishment had likewise suffered from the Indians, notwithstanding its high wall. . . . On the opposite side of the valley is a village called *El Sauzillos*, or Little Willows." Bartlett, *op. cit.*, p. 419.

68. See Note 57.

69. In June, 1841, an expedition set out for Santa Fe, New Mexico, from the vicinity of Austin, Texas, with the primary object of persuading the inhabitants to incorporate New Mexico into the new republic of Texas, but also with a view to establishing friendly commercial relations with the province. Before reaching their destination they were seized by a party of Mexicans and imprisoned at San Miguel. They were later taken to Chihuahua (from El Paso over approximately the route taken later by the Eastlands) and to Mexico City and other places before being released many months later. George Wilkins Kendall, an editor of the New Orleans *Picayune*, who was one of the prisoners, details his experiences in the work cited above. The description of his imprisonment at Chihuahua is given on pages 64-68 and 74-86.

70. Don Miguel Hidalgo y Costilla who, according to Gregg (Thwaites, *op. cit.*, p. 189) made the first declaration of independence from Spain at the village of Dolores, on September 16, 1810, was taken prisoner in March, 1811, after his total defeat at Guadalupe. Kendall, *op. cit.*, pp. 68-73.

71. An interesting account of a bull fight at Chihuahua is given in A. B. Clarke, *Travels in Mexico and California*, Boston, 1852, pp. 47-49.

72. *Santa Cruz de Rosales*. "Ten miles from Bachimba the road divides, one branch leading south-east to San Pablo, which is the most direct, and the other to Santa Cruz, ten miles distant. . . . This town stands near the San Pedro Creek, a tributary of the Conchos River, and extends for nearly a mile along the valley. Parts of it are compactly built; yet I did not observe a good-looking house in it." Bartlett, *op. cit.*, p. 445. See also Wislizenus, *op. cit.*, pp. 63-64.

73. "Santa Rosalia is the most considerable town we had met with since leaving Chihuahua, having almost five thousand inhabitants. It stands on a spur of the plateau in the angle formed by the Conchos and Florido Rivers, about sixty or eighty feet above the valley. Like all Mexican towns we had thus far seen, it is on the decline. There is rather a fine church here in the course of erection, built of adobe, except the doorways and windows, which are of the soft sand-stone of the country. . . .

"South of the town are a redoubt and fort erected by the Mexicans when they expected an invasion from General Wool. . . . But the invasion came from the north; and Colonel Doniphan was so uncivil as to give them no opportunity to use their defences. . . ." Bartlett, *op. cit.*, pp. 450-51. See also Wislizenus, *op. cit.*, pp. 64-65.

74. "The *Rio Florido*, which comes from the State of Durango, and takes generally a northern course, runs here in a northwest direction through the valley into the Conchos, coming from the southwest." Wislizenus, *op. cit.*, p. 65.

75. *San José del Parral*. A Spanish settlement was made at Parral in 1631, in the midst of rich mines, and a sort of presidio established there which was occupied by a small military force for the protection of the frontier. H. H. Bancroft, *History of the North Mexican States*, San Francisco, 1889, I, 334, 336.

76. The *Hacienda de Concepcion*. Don Juan Urquida was proprietor of this and the large estates adjoining. Here Bartlett examined a most interesting meteorite which he describes in *op. cit.*, pp. 457-62.

77. The *Hacienda del Rio Florido*. "This place consists of a large hacienda with a colonnade of stone, the capitals of the columns being in the Moorish style. It stands on the margin of the plateau, overlooking the valley of the river, and has a very picturesque appearance. Adjoining this building is a church, well constructed of stone, and of a better description than any we had seen since leaving Chihuahua. These buildings were erected by Juan Cerrera, a Spanish priest, at which time it was considered one of the richest haciendas in Mexico. At his death it was divided among three of his nephews. A considerable village, with about a thousand inhabitants, now surrounds the hacienda. Twenty-six tolerably good paintings decorate the walls of the church; and around the altar are full length portraits of the Saints, inclosed in a large and massive gilt frame, extending from the floor to the ceiling. In the centre is a statue of 'Our Lady of Guadalupe,' inclosed in glass." Bartlett, *op. cit.*, pp. 463-64.

78. "This is a miserable old decaying town, containing less than six hundred souls; although when Lieut. Hardy passed here in 1828, he says there was a population of three thousand. From the present extent of the town, including its crumbling and unoccupied houses, it is evident that it has been much more populous than at present. It contains a modern built church without any pictures; there is no other object in the place worthy of notice. A small stream passes through it, and there is a very little arable land near. It was originally established as a military post, and is still maintained as such." Bartlett, *op. cit.*, p. 467. Gregg calls Cerro Gordo the northernmost settlement in the department of Durango. (Thwaites, *op. cit.*, p. 163.) This Cerro Gordo should not be confused with the one at which the battle was fought in April, 1847.

79. According to Gregg: "La Zarca . . . is the principal village of one of the most extensive haciendas in the North. So immense is the amount of cattle on this estate, that, as it was rumored, the proprietor once offered to sell the whole hacienda, stock, etc., for the consideration alone of fifty cents for each head of cattle found on the estate; but that no person has ever yet been able or willing to muster sufficient capital to take up the offer. . . . This estate covers a territory of perhaps a hundred miles in length, which comprises several flourishing villages." Thwaites, *loc. cit.* A footnote states that, according to Pike, the estate was owned by the Marquis de San Miguel. See also Bartlett, *op. cit.*, pp. 468-69, who states that *Zarca* is a term applied to water, and means clear and pure; and Kendall, *op. cit.*, pp. 110-11.

80. *San Pedro del Gallo* (St. Peter of the Cock). "It is situated at the foot of a rough and precipitous hill, on the sides of which, it is said, a rich vein of silver ore had just been discovered . . . which probably has no existence, save in the imagination of the ignorant and gossiping inhabitants. . . . At El Gallo is a deep and clear natural well of warm water, from which the town is supplied." Kendall, *op. cit.*, pp. 115-17. "Miserable and filthy as were many of the towns we had visited, this surpassed them all. The plaza seemed to be used as a great cattle-pen, and the streets as avenues to it. . . . As an evidence of the poverty of the place, we could buy neither eggs, fowls, nor vegetables—nothing but *frijoles*, and corn for the animals. Bartlett, *op. cit.*, pp. 470-71.

81. The Rio Nazas, or Nasas, according to Bartlett, is "a beautiful stream about sixty yards in width that discharges itself into the Lake Cayman of the maps, but which is here known as the Laguna de Tlagualila, in the Bolson de Mapimi." *Op. cit.*, p. 472. According to Gregg, the "Rio Nazas has been celebrated for the growth of cotton, which, owing to the mildness of the climate, is sometimes planted fresh only every three or four years." Thwaites, *op. cit.*, pp. 163-64.

82. *La Noria de Pedreña*. "La Noria" means "the well with a wheel," according to Bartlett. "Here is a church, apparently modern, with several furnaces for smelting silver ore. The town is surrounded by an adobe wall twelve feet high, outside of which are many houses in a state of decay. It has evidently been more populous than it is at present; for not half of the houses seem to be occupied." The proprietor at the time of Bartlett's visit was Don Tomas Pedreña. "The place was originally founded by his grandfather, and had descended to the gentleman we now saw, who, on coming into possession, had leased the estate. The lessees had for several years abandoned the working of the mines, and devoted themselves to working over the scoria and cinders which lay in the hillocks near the town, and from which they were able by some improved process to extract a considerable amount of the precious metal. . . . Don Tomas took us into the church, which is in good condition, and is hung with pretty good pictures of a large size." Bartlett, *op. cit.*, pp. 473-74.

83. Gregg also had to purchase water for his mules when he visited this place in 1839, but he stated that it was "scarcely to be complained of, inasmuch as the water had to be drawn from wells with a great deal of labor. It is not unusual, also, for the proprietors of haciendas to demand remuneration for the pasturage on the open plains, consumed by the animals of travellers." Thwaites, *op. cit.*, p. 164.

84. "*Cuencamé*, or Quincamé, was once a place of some importance, judging from its many well-built houses and churches. It has three of the latter, one of which, on the plaza, is quite an imposing edifice. The houses on the plaza are large, and plastered outside. The shops, of which there are many, are well filled with goods, and have a show of business. . . . The present population of Cuencamé is three thousand souls, as stated to me by the Prefect. It is a very old place, and the Franciscans formerly had a convent here. It stands on a small stream, barely sufficient to supply the wants of the people. There is no bottom-land near, which gives it a most dreary appearance. It is strictly a mining town, and has three smelting works in operation." Bartlett, *op. cit.*, pp. 474-75. Gregg calls it the Village of Churches and states that there were five or six church buildings there when he visited the place in 1839. Thwaites, *op. cit.*, p. 164.

85. "Durango is one of the handsomest cities in the North, with a population of about 20,000. It is situated in a level plain, surrounded in every direction by low mountains. It presents two or three handsome squares, with many fine edifices and some really splendid churches. The town is supplied with water for irrigating the gardens, and for many other ordinary purposes, by several open aqueducts, which lead through the streets, from a large spring, a mile or two distant; but as these are kept filthy by the offal that is thrown into them, the inhabitants who are able to buy it, procure most of their water for drinking and culinary purposes, from the *aguadores*, who pack it, on asses, usually in large jars, from the spring. This is the first Northern city in which there is to be found any evidence of that variety of tropical fruits, for which Southern Mexico is so justly famed. . . . Durango is also celebrated as being the head-quarters, as it were, of the whole scorpion family." Gregg, in Thwaites, *op. cit.*, pp. 164-65.

86. In the back of the diary Eastland listed the cities and towns he passed through after leaving New Orleans. Between Durango and Mazatlan he included Copala, La Villa de San Sebastian and the Presidio de Mazatlan.

87. For descriptions of Mazatlan, see Bartlett, I, 485-87; Lieut. Wise, *Los Gringos*, New York, 1849, pp. 142-49; and William Maxwell Wood, *Wandering Sketches*, Philadelphia, 1849, pp. 288-94.

88. For a description of a *mesón*, or inn, and a *fonda*, where the traveler in Mexico obtained his meals, see Daniel B. Woods, *Sixteen Months in the Gold Diggings*, New York, 1851, p. 29.

89. The *Oregon* (Capt. R. H. Pearson), one of the Pacific Mail Company's steamers, left Panama on November 10, 1849, and reached San Francisco on December 1.

90. James Robert Bolton, who acted as consul at Mazatlan during the absence of John Parrott, was born in New York on January 24, 1817, and died in San Francisco on January 28, 1890. For some years prior to 1846 he resided in Mazatlan, being connected with the firm of Jecker, Torres & Company. During Parrott's homeward journey in May, 1846, Bolton received the first news from the Consul from Guadalajara that hostilities had commenced between Mexico and the United States, which news he transmitted to Sloat. Later confirmation sent Bolton by friends in Durango and San Luis Potosi was the cause of Sloat's sailing for Monterey. In 1847, Bolton was sent to California by Barron, Forbes & Co., of Tepic, to acquire outstanding interests in the New Almaden mine. He returned to Mazatlan and continued as acting United States consul until late in December, 1849. He then removed permanently to San Francisco, where he acted as agent of the New Almaden Mine. Bolton was the man who initiated the famous Santillan claim, which passed the Land Commission and the District Court, but was finally held to be fraudulent, after, however, Bolton had sold out to a Philadelphia syndicate. He made a fortune in real estate and at the time of his death was worth over a million dollars. (Information from Mr. Douglas S. Watson.)

91. The diary which we have printed here was written in pencil, but in the same book Eastland copied it in ink, under date of May 29, 1851. At the end of this copy he added later, "Returned from California Jany 16th 1853, having been absent 3 Years & 9 Months—"

92. See pp. 115 and 135 in this *Quarterly*, Vol. XVIII, No. 2, June, 1939.

93. Oro, in Sutter County, was on the Sacramento River just below the mouth of Bear River and about two miles above Nicolaus. Of the town, Judge Philip W. Keyser, during the centennial celebration of the country's independence, declared: "The first county seat was Oro, which was a noble city of broad streets, imposing buildings, and splendid public squares—on paper, but in fact a tract of land fronting on the south bank of Bear creek. . . . The tract had been purchased from General Sutter by Thomas Jefferson Green, who with others who had become interested with him in the enterprise, had had the land surveyed and laid off into streets and squares and lots; and who, as State Senator from the Senatorial District, of which Sutter county formed a part, caused this paper city to be declared by the Legislature the county seat of Sutter county. . . . Oro, however, enjoyed the honor . . . but a short time." *History of Sutter County*, Oakland: Thompson & West, 1879, p. 30.

94. Woods Yeatman left for home on January 1, because he could "get nothing to do here until spring opens, when he could go to the mines," according to Joseph G. Eastland in a letter of December 30, 1849. He was probably a relative of Captain William Yeatman, also mentioned in this letter.

95. See Note 9, p. 132, this *Quarterly*, Vol. XVIII, No. 2, June, 1939.

96. In a letter dated December 30, 1849, Joseph G. Eastland refers to "Capt Yeatman of the 'Tennessee'." He could not, however, have been captain of the *Tennessee* that was wrecked outside the Heads of San Francisco Bay in April, 1853, for that did not reach San Francisco until April 14, 1850, at which time Captain Cole was her captain. See E. A. Wiltsee, *Gold Rush Steamers*, San Francisco, 1939, p. 24.

97. This was not the William Irwin who later became Governor of California; but he was from Nashville, Tennessee, and may have been the William M. Irwin who was elected tax collector in San Francisco on May 1, 1850.

FURTHER NOTES ON THE DRAKE PLATE

By ALLEN L. CHICKERING

IN AN article entitled "Some Notes with Regard to Drake's Plate of Brass," in the September, 1937, number of this *Quarterly*,¹ I discussed a manuscript which antedated the Plate by more than a hundred years and which contained instances of spelling like that in the Plate. There were two words on the Plate, however—"keepeing" and "herr"—which at that time I had not succeeded in finding elsewhere with exactly the same spelling. Since then I have come across the word "keepe" in "The Famous Voyage"² and in an Elizabethan manuscript³ in which it appears several times; and the form "kepeing" occurs many times in the earlier manuscript previously discussed. It seems, therefore, quite logical that "keepeing" might also have been used in manuscripts of the period.

To some, the spelling "herr" seemed a reason for doubting the authenticity of the Plate. Captain R. B. Haselden, for instance, in his article, "Is the Drake Plate of Brass Genuine?" referred to it as "the bizarre spelling of *herr*."⁴ On the other hand, this spelling seems to others to point to the authenticity of the Plate. J. A. Williamson, for example, in the *Geographical Journal* for June, 1938, wrote as follows:

The question of genuineness at present turns on the evidence provided by the plate itself. Various details in the inscription have been challenged, but in the present writer's opinion the only serious difficulty is in the spelling HERR, occurring three times. He cannot recall ever meeting with this spelling in an Elizabethan document, although the word is so common that he must have seen it many times in the writings of the period. At first sight this word HERR appeared to condemn the inscription as spurious, but on reflection it seemed to point with equal force in the contrary direction. If the forger was sufficiently competent to evolve an inscription which in all other respects of spelling and phrasing is unexceptionable, why should he make a blunder so elementary? On the whole it seems just as likely that the word HERR was so spelt by an Elizabethan as by a pseudo-Elizabethan. Ventilation of this point may well have the result of producing some authenticated example of "herr."⁵

As a result of my study of this subject, I am firmly convinced that reference should be made to *manuscripts*, and not to printed matter, to test the spelling in what is, in effect, also a manuscript. It may be, and probably was, true, that proof-reading in 1579 was not the exact science which it is today, but there probably was *some* attempt at standardization of spelling in printed books. In manuscripts it was different. As I stated in the September, 1937, *Quarterly*: "As a result of my study [of a manuscript prepared over one hundred years earlier] I am firmly of the belief that no attention whatever was paid to spelling so long as the pronunciation of the result was substantially like that to which the writer was accustomed."⁶

Further investigation has only tended to confirm this opinion. Elizabethan manuscripts are not very plentiful in this vicinity, but a few months ago I happened to run across a quotation in *Francis Drake & Other Early Explorers Along the Pacific Coast*, by Dr. John W. Robertson,⁷ in which the project of a corporation to settle the lands discovered by Drake was discussed and in which the word "herr" appeared. This I found had been quoted from *New Light on Drake*, by Zelia Nuttall.⁸ Reference to this latter book revealed that the manuscript of the project for such a colonization corporation was to be found as No. 44 in Volume 144, State Papers, Domestic, Elizabeth. I thereupon sent to the Royal Geographical Society, London, and through the great kindness of the Librarian, Mr. G. R. Crone, I obtained a photostat of the entire prospectus, which is believed to be in the handwriting of Sir Francis Walsyngham, of Queen Elizabeth's court, and to have been prepared in 1580. The manuscript is reproduced herewith, and Mrs. Nuttall's transcription follows:

A PROIECT OF A CORPORATYON OF SOCHE AS SHALL VENTEUR VNTO
SOCHÉ DOMYNIONS AND CONTREYS SYTUATE BAYONDE THE
EQUYNOCTYALL LINE

Imprimis y^t y^t may please herr Ma^{tie} to graunt lyke p'vyleges as have bene graunted by herr H^a and her [herr?] progenytors vnto her [herr?] subiectes tradyng into the domynions of the Emperor of Russia.

Item that in consyderatyon of the late notable dyscoverye made by Francys Drake of sooche dominions as are scytuated beyonde the said Equynoctyall lyne y^t y^t may please her Ma^{tie} that he may during his naturall lyfe supplye the place of Governor of the Seyd compaignye: and in consyderatyon of his great travayll and hazarde of his person in the seyd dyscoverye to have during his seyd lyfe a tenthe parte of the proffits of sooche commodytes as shall be brought into this realme from the partes above remembred.

Item that there shall be reserved vnto her Ma^{tye} a Vth parte of the proffyt of sooche mynes of goold and sylver as shall be found in these contreys y^t are hereafter to be discovered and are not lawfully possessed by any other Christyan Prynce.

Item y^t y^t may please her [herr?] Ma^{tye} to erect an howsse of contratays w^t sooche orders as were graunted by the K. of Spayne.

NOTES

1. California Historical Society *Quarterly*, Vol. XVI, No. 3, September, 1937, pp. 275-81.

2. *The famous voyage of Sir Francis Drake into the South Sea, and there hence about the whole Globe of the Earth, begun in the yeere of our Lord, 1577*, consists of six unnumbered folio leaves inserted between pp. 643 and 644 of Richard Hakluyt's *The Principall Navigations, Voiages and Discoveries of the English Nation*, London, 1589. The word occurs in the sentence: "There were besides 4. graue persons, apparelled all in red, downe to the ground, and attired on their heads like the Turkes, and these were said to be Romaines, and Ligiers there to keepe continual traffike with the people of Ternate."

3. State Papers Domestic, Elizabeth 144, No. 51.

4. This *Quarterly*, Vol. XVI, No. 3, September, 1937, p. 272.

A private of 1000
army of 1000
will have a
company of
the line

at 1000 of 1000
for 1000 of 1000
with 1000 of 1000
and 1000 of 1000
ball be 1000
of 1000 of 1000
adobe we are 1000

5. Vol. XCI, No. 6, p. 544. The magazine is published by The Royal Geographical Society, London.

6. *Op. cit.*, p. 278.

7. Published by the Grabhorn Press, San Francisco, 1927. The quotation is on p. 155.

8. *New Light on Drake: A Collection of Documents Relating to His Voyage of Circumnavigation, 1577-1580*, translated and edited by Zelia Nuttall, London: printed for the Hakluyt Society, 1914, p. 430.

NEW MEMBERS

NAME	ADDRESS	PROPOSED BY
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RECOLLECTIONS OF HISTORICAL EVENTS IN CALIFORNIA, 1843-1878

By WILLIAM A. STREETER

Edited by WILLIAM HENRY ELLISON

(Concluded)

ANOTHER CASE is that of an American who stopped at the Alamos in the afternoon, at the house of José Antonio.⁷⁶ Then passing on about 2 or 3 miles from the house he went into camp on a hillside, at sundown. He had taken off his saddle and his spurs after hitching his horse and lay down to rest, when a Mexican or Californian sprang out from some place where he had been concealed, and before he was aware of his presence, got between him and his saddle, which contained his pistols, and as he raised up another Mexican threw a lance at him grazing his back. Having no arms he ran for the bushes and succeeded in concealing himself until dark when he started out on foot, arriving at Capt. Dana's ranch, Nipomo, the next day at 10 A.M. I was there at the time and he told me of his adventures. The Mexicans came on him so suddenly that he had no time to notice their appearance and consequently could give no description of them, but he was inclined to think that they came from the Los Alamos.

It would be perhaps impossible to prove José Antonio's complicity in these deeds, as those who could testify, being Californians, would not do so, but he and his place at that time bore a very bad reputation.

Next in age comes Don Francisco [de la Guerra]. He bore a very fair reputation as reputations ran in those days, except that he had two illegitimate children, who after their mother's death, about 1857 or 1858, were taken into the family. Francisco had a heartfelt hatred for the Americans, which he never took any pains to conceal, and in this respect he differed from his brothers, who were more politic.

In all matters pertaining to Americans I do not think much confidence can be placed in his statements. In other matters his word was as good as any of his class and of the day. He inherited from his father the Tapo ranch about 1856-57, and possibly an interest in other properties. The Tapo ranch contained a large vineyard and the Tapo wine and brandy was at that time considered the best in the State. Before his death, which occurred on January [8], 1878, he had lost all of his property through, I presume, extravagant living, as he was not given to gambling as far as I know.

Next in order of ages comes Don Pablo, and my first acquaintance with him I have already related in the account of my arrival in this country. I

never had occasion to change my first impression of him as an overbearing, haughty and self-important man. He was at heart anti-American and did not hesitate to avow his sympathy with the South in 1861, and expressed the opinion that the American Government would be destroyed and that he would rejoice in it. His principles were anti-Union and he had several sharp discussions with Union men on the subject. He often railed at me for my Union proclivities, and demanded to know what I thought would become of the boasted American Government after the Civil War began. In 1863 or thereabouts, Dr. Ord persuaded him to accept the nomination as district judge against Judge Hayes⁷⁷ of Los Angeles, the Democratic candidate. He suddenly turned into a staunch Union man and made Union speeches in Los Angeles. Don Pablo was elected.

In 1850 the first suit that was tried in the District Court was Leandro Gonzales vs. Capt. José Antonio de la Guerra y Noriega. Judge Henry Tefft was district judge.⁷⁸ Don Pablo was counsel for the defendants and Eugene Lease [Lies] for the plaintiff. At the opening of the case, Lease proposed that it should be decided whether the proceedings in the District Court hereafter should be in the Spanish or English language and thus establish at once a precedent.

Judge Tefft decided that it should be in English, which gave so much offence to Don Pablo that he withdrew the case. Afterwards when he became [State] senator, he succeeded in having a bill passed providing that either Spanish or English might be used in the courts, and thereby caused a useless expense to the State. Don Pablo died only a few years ago, leaving considerable property. He was the only one of the family who did not run through his inheritance.

Next came Miguel, and after him Joaquin, commonly called El Obispo. Neither of them amounted to anything.

The last of the sons is the Antonio María who is also now [1878] the only one alive. He was in Chile when I came here in 1844, but returned shortly after. He was educated in Chile, and remained there, I think, about five years. He was the brightest and most intelligent of the whole family and would undoubtedly have become a prominent man, but for the misfortune of losing his sight, which occurred some four or five years ago. Previous to this date, he was mayor of Santa Barbara, also county treasurer, and held several other offices of trust. In 1863 he was captain of the company of volunteers that was stationed for a time at the Drum Barracks in Wilmington and afterwards went to Arizona, where they were disbanded.

Among the daughters, of which there were several, Mrs. Ord, formerly Mrs. Jimeno, was the most prominent, and is probably one of the most intelligent native women that California has produced.⁷⁹ She has, however, and always had an inveterate hatred of the Americans.

Among the Carrillo family, the most prominent were Don Carlos,⁸⁰ Don

Anastasio,⁸¹ Don Raimundo, son of Anastasio, and Don Joaquin.⁸² Don Carlos was one of the most noble looking men I think I ever saw. He was over six feet tall and well proportioned. He was a man, however, of no extraordinary talents or ability, but he was honest and upright and much esteemed and looked up to by his countrymen. He did not enjoy a very good reputation for bravery; and it was a want of this quality that caused his defeat in 1838—at least so was the current report. His oldest son, Pedro,⁸³ was somewhat of a visionary, and although of superior education, never became a man of any prominence. His great forte was story telling, and he rivalled Baron Munchausen in some of his fabrications. While at the Sandwich Islands at school, I think, he entertained some English gentlemen with an account of the immense wealth of his family in California, their boundless possessions, and, in particular, of a large ranch owned by his father. This ranch, he told them, was stocked with horses of all colors, even green, and the buildings on the ranch extended fully a half mile in length. He related these things in so earnest a manner that the existence of the green-colored horse was believed, and forthwith one of the gentlemen made a bargain with him for one of the green horses, paying part of the money down. He wished it, he said, to send home to England as a curiosity. Some time after, the Englishman came over to receive his horse, when Pedro ordered that several of the wildest untrained horses should be driven into the corral and told the deluded Englishman to take his pick.

"But these are not green," he said. "Try to mount one of them," replied Pedro, "and you will find him green enough." On one occasion he was indulging in his favorite pastime in the presence of Isaac J. Sparks, when this latter gentleman said to him, "Now Pedro what is the use of your telling such lies?" "But they are not lies," said Pedro. "You know that there is not a word of truth in your stories," replied Sparks. "Yes," continued Pedro, "I admit that, but at the same time they are not lies, because nobody will believe them." This habit of misrepresentation and exaggeration became inveterate with him. At no time did he take any part against the Americans, but on the contrary welcomed them and assisted them in various ways, thereby incurring the ill will of his own family and the hatred of the rest of his countrymen. In the latter part of 1846, Pedro came down on a man-of-war, or government vessel, with dispatches for Frémont, arriving here two or three days after Frémont had left for the South. He came on shore with twelve marines, and, leaving six of them in charge of the boat, he went with the other six to his father's house. The old man came out to see him and apparently gave him a warm welcome. He was invited to come into the house, but he refused, saying that he was not to be trapped in that way. His father cautioned him about exposing himself, as his countrymen had threatened to kill him on the first opportunity, and were about to raise a company for the purpose of capturing him. To all this Pedro replied that he had no fears of being taken and that

at that time he was well protected, pointing to the marines. He went down to San Buenaventura and from there rode on horseback until he overtook Frémont. After the close of the war, he was made surveyor of the customs for this port and continued in office for several years.

José,⁸⁴ the second son of Don Carlos, was a man of great natural ability and talents, but they were not given the proper direction. During the Micheltorena revolution in 1845, while in San Buenaventura, I met him one morning looking apparently worn out. I rallied him on his appearance, when he told me that he had not slept the previous night, having paid a visit to Micheltorena's camp. I could hardly credit it, but he assured me that he had actually been in his camp. He had ridden out until within a short distance of Micheltorena's pickets and there, dismounting and tying his horse in a ravine, had made his way noiselessly up to the picket line. Here he had waited until the pickets walked apart, when he crawled on his belly across their line and got into their camp. He walked about unobserved, looked into Micheltorena's tent, overheard his conversation with some of his officers, and after making a note of everything of interest he returned safely to San Buenaventura.

He at one time owned the Positas ranch; and the father of the San Fernando Mission, Fr. Blas Ordaz,⁸⁵ became convinced that José was appropriating to his own use the Mission cattle. The Father lost no opportunity of showing his ill will for José, until this individual hit upon a plan for disarming his anger.

He wrote a letter exposing the character and doings of Father Blas, which were in truth hardly becoming a priest, and addressed it to Father Gonzalez,⁸⁶ then Governor of the Mitre. He waited until one of the principal fast days, when, going up to the Mission at Santa Barbara, he dropped it in the window of Father Gonzalez' room. He then waited near until several persons arrived from town, when, calling their attention, he remarked that there appeared to be a letter there for the Father, and as it was open he would see what it was. He secured the letter and read it, and then remarked that it was an anonymous letter to Father Gonzalez exposing the character of Father Ordaz, but he did not approve of it and would keep the letter and show it to Father Blas. Accordingly, he took the letter to the Father and requested him to read it, saying at the same time that he hoped he would believe now that he was his friend, as otherwise he would have delivered the letter to Father Gonzalez. Father Blas thanked him and assured him that he could count on his friendship in the future.

Don Anastasio was also a fine looking man but not of so commanding a presence as Don Carlos. In other respects he resembled Don Carlos, although he had not the reputation for lack of courage enjoyed by Don Carlos. He was a very quiet, peaceable man and usually used his influence to prevent political disturbances. His judgment and integrity were held in high estimation by the Californians and his advice in all important affairs was frequently asked and

followed. He was a prominent man in the civil affairs of this department for many years. He was sub-prefect when I came here in 1842, and held the office and continued in office for several terms. His sons were Raimundo,⁸⁷ Joaquin, Luis and Guillermo.

Raimundo, the eldest, was an exceptionally fine man, against whom nothing can be said. He was held in the highest respect and esteem by all the Californians. He was *comandante* of Santa Barbara in 1846-47. He was never a man of much prominence, being naturally retiring. About the time of the raising of the American flag in Monterey, the wife of Don Raimundo gave birth to a boy whose hair was remarkably light. A few days afterwards I happened to visit the house and, seeing the child, remarked that he was a genuine Yankee. The name stuck to him, and he is known to this date as Yankee Carrillo, although his Christian name is Francisco.

Joaquin was sub-prefect and afterwards county district judge. He was not a man of any great ability.

Luis was a most promising man but died of consumption in his prime.

Guillermo, who is still living, I shall say nothing about.

I was in San Luis Obispo County, at the Arroyo de las Veras, the town of San Luis Obispo, and Arroyo Grande, from 1851 to 1855. I was justice of the peace and associate justice in San Luis Obispo in 1852.

I became acquainted with Henry Tefft, formerly from Union Village, Washington County, New York, and but lately from Racine, Wisconsin, in San Buenaventura, and afterwards became quite intimate with him in San Luis Obispo. He was one of the ablest and most upright lawyers I have known in the State. He came here in 1849, across the plains, and stayed at the Nipomo ranch with Captain Dana for some time after his arrival, and eventually married one of his daughters. He was a delegate from San Luis Obispo to the Constitutional Convention in Monterey in 1849. Returning to San Luis Obispo, he began the practice of law and was in 1850 elected the first district judge of the district. He acquired a small ranch and other property three miles from San Luis Obispo with the intention of remaining in the country, but shortly afterwards, at the earnest solicitation of his aged parents in Racine, Wisconsin, to return to them, he sold his property and proposed to leave the State. He told me unreservedly of his affairs and intentions and spoke of his desire to see his parents; "but," he said, "although I am making every preparation to go, I have a presentiment that I shall never see Racine." This he spoke of quite frequently. His presentiment was unfortunately realized only too soon. In the latter part of 1852 he held his last session in Santa Barbara, and came up to Port Harford on the steamer. When the steamer arrived in Port Harford a heavy southeaster was blowing and, attempting to go ashore, the boat containing Judge Tefft, the purser and four or five sailors overturned. Judge Tefft and two of the sailors were drowned. The purser was saved by an Indian who, seeing him in the surf and from the color of his hair

supposing him to be Judge Tefft, rushed in and hauled him out by the hair. The body of one of the sailors was found, but those of Judge and the other sailors never were seen again. Mrs. Tefft was at the time pregnant, and the news was kept from her until after the birth of her child some three or four months later. Judge Tefft was noted for his justness and honorableness. He never took a case that he did not believe was just and honest. His ranch he had sold to Captain Dana, his father-in-law. Captain Dana soon afterwards sold it to Dr. Clemens, from New Orleans, who was killed by a bear near the same ranch about two years later.

In 1854 and 1855 I assisted in putting up the sawmill and gristmill for Zeba Branch, on his ranch, in the Arroyo Grande. After the millwrights had left I remodeled the greater part of the machinery and started it running.

From 1852 to 1855, when I left, and even later, San Luis Obispo County was infested with a band of horse-thieves and bandits, mostly Sonoranian. It was almost impossible to let horses go out without having some of them stolen. I lost so many of mine that I was finally obliged to leave the section.

As before stated, I came to Santa Barbara in the fall of 1855, where I have remained ever since.

In 1856, Ned M. McGowan⁸⁸ came down here a fugitive from San Francisco. He was seen and recognized in Lafevre's restaurant and the authorities were notified; but before they arrived at the restaurant McGowan had taken the alarm and disappeared. A posse was raised and search made for him throughout the town. Someone started the report that he had taken refuge in a swamp thickly covered with rushes at the foot of the De la Guerra garden, and accordingly the place was surrounded and the dry rushes set afire. They failed to burn out anything but a few ducks that flew away with a loud quacking. A caricature was gotten up representing the posse standing with their guns ready after setting fire to the rushes, and one man represented as crying out, "There he goes," as a duck flew up. His manner of escape afterwards became known: Jack Power had taken him down to Pat Dunn's house and rolled him up in a carpet, which was overlooked when searching the house. The excitement over, he was taken out to Nicolas Den's⁸⁹ at the Dos Pueblos, where he remained concealed until he got away, in what manner I never learned. Some of the Vigilance Committee came down here in a schooner and arrested a man by the name of George Parkinson, who had come from San Francisco; but after questioning him about McGowan, without finding out anything, they released him, and he returned with them to San Francisco.

In 1859 considerable excitement prevailed here for several weeks, and trouble was expected between the native population and Americans, owing to the hanging of a Mexican and his son by the name of Badillo. This Badillo⁹⁰ was a bad character, having been sent here in 1825 by the Mexican authorities as a convict. According to his own admission, he had been a highway robber in Mexico, and spoke freely and even boastfully of his crimes. Another son,

Pedro, who was more familiarly known as *Chicuas*o by the Californians and Six-toed Pete by the Americans, was obliged to leave the State some time ago owing to his crimes and is now living, I believe, in Lower California. The old man Badillo owned no stock of any kind and yet he had always plenty of fresh meat, and this circumstance, together with the fact that cattle were missed from the bands that grazed near, left little doubt as to the thief. He was even caught in the act. George Nidever⁹¹ met him one day driving one of his cows towards his (Badillo's) house, but let him go, I believe, although he was surely tempted to shoot him. He also stole a cow from Carlos Ruiz, a Californian, and was arrested and proven guilty. A fine of \$20 was, I believe, imposed, but Ruiz received no pay for his cow. In the month of ——— 18— I came up from Los Angeles with Father ———. We stopped at Badillo's place. The Father asked him if he did not find it lonesome living there alone and so far away from any neighbors, as he then lived near Carpinteria Creek, and for at least a half mile on either side there was a heavy oak woods and his nearest neighbor was about ——— off. "Oh, no!" he said, "I am perfectly contented here and want for nothing. If I want fish or shell fish, the beach is nearby; if fresh meat, there is cattle all around me; and if I want money," placing his hand significantly on his pistol, "this will get it for me." The old man's career was brought suddenly to an end, however. He was found one morning hanging to a tree near the roadside about a half mile from his house; and by the side of him his son also hung. A party in disguise came to the house in the night and took them away, and the following morning one of the boys found them and notified the neighbors. It was reported to the authorities in Santa Barbara, and a party went down and held an inquest, Dr. Ord being coroner. A posse under Sheriff Chateaufneff accompanied them. Different parties were examined, but not the least trace of the perpetrators of this deed could be found. While the posse was there, and shortly after they had arrived, if I am not mistaken, a young man, a nephew and namesake of old George Nidever, came out of the woods by a path from some ranch beyond, and was on his way to ———.

One of the Badillo boys who was with the party cried out, "That is one of them." The posse fired a volley at him and he fell from his saddle almost shot to pieces. While he was leaning against a tree, dying as everyone supposed, a Californian by the name of Pancho Leyba would have shot him through the breast with his pistol had not the coroner pushed the pistol away, telling him at the same time that he must not shoot a man who had given up. The Nidevers and several Americans, among them Coats and McKewen, were arrested on suspicion and kept in jail about eight days. They had no proof against them, and were obliged to let them go. Opinions were rife at the time, and even now, as to the parties who did the hanging and their motives, but I doubt if to this day it is known by any one, excepting the persons who did the deed. The majority of the Californians attributed it to the Americans,

and particularly to the Nidever family who had suffered from Badillo's thieving propensities, and who were not men that would be imposed upon.

Accordingly, the natives made threats of retaliation, and would in all probability have carried them into execution but for the determined attitude of the Americans. The Nidevers never came to town or, in fact, went away from home without being well armed; and perhaps the majority of the Americans carried weapons about with them and were prepared at all times for an attack. The Californians knew full well the men they had to deal with and wisely refrained from exasperating them.

Most of the Americans and some few of the natives were inclined to think that Badillo and his son were hanged by their own countrymen. Badillo had been arrested several times, and had said publicly that there were a great many in Santa Barbara no better than he, and that sooner or later he might expose them. There were still many desperadoes in the country, principally Sonoreños, who have always been the disturbing and criminal element in California, that were now keeping quiet through fear of the vigilance committees. Still horses were occasionally stolen and other depredations committed, and it is more than probable that all of these bad characters were well known to Badillo.

His threats of exposure would naturally convince them that their own safety demanded that he should be put out of the way. Complaints against Badillo had been repeatedly ignored or insufficiently satisfied by the justice and judges, and Badillo and other disreputable characters were harbored and protected by the De la Guerra's for political or other purposes. For this reason they were indirectly responsible for acts of these men. In 18— a vigilance committee was formed and Pablo de la Guerra was summoned before one of their meetings and warned against retaining in his employ certain Californians or Mexicans who were known to be bad characters.

In 1862 a Californian by the name of Jesus Arellanes, a notorious horse thief, was arrested on request of his father. He was placed in jail here, an adobe house, and with three others [escaped] by throwing sand in the jailer's eyes when he brought them their food. He fired six shots but they managed to get away after cutting the jailer badly with a pocket knife. Not long after his escape, [Charles E.] Cook, then county recorder, went to seize some horses in his possession, when Arellanes shot him dead. He remained at large for some time. After this, he eluded pursuit, but was finally taken at San Diego, and the sheriff of that county notified Thomas Dennis, the sheriff of Santa Barbara County, that he held Arellanes subject to his orders. Dennis went down to San Diego and took charge of the prisoner, intending to bring him back to Santa Barbara, but upon the arrival at San Pedro of the steamer on which he had embarked, a number of men came on board, took Arellanes from the Sheriff, and hanged him to the gaff of the schooner, nearby. When the steamer arrived at Santa Barbara, a party of armed Californians went

down to meet and take Arellanes away from the Sheriff, but made no demonstration when they saw that Dennis was alone.

In 1864, sometime in January, one of the most horrible murders that has ever occurred in this County was committed, at a point known as Las Cruces about fifty miles north of Santa Barbara and just beyond the Gaviota Pass.

The road that passes through that section was then the stage route; and one of their stations, which for some time had been at the Gaviota, it was proposed to move to a point near Las Cruces. In those days there was a much larger travel by stage than at present, so that it was always quite an object with the inhabitants of the country through which the stages ran to induce the stage company to establish a station near their residence. For besides the money made from supplying travellers with meals, they had as permanent boarders the men employed at the stations as hostlers, etc.

The change of stations had been obtained by an American named [Willson] Corliss, then living with his wife in Las Cruces, or at the crossroads to which this name was given. He was employed in the sheep business, having about two thousand or three thousand sheep and also an interest in the Las Cruces ranch. His shepherd, Franc[isc]o Coronado, a Californian, was also living with him.

Corliss had a new house built close to the stage road, about one and a half miles above the crossroads, and moved into it; but the station had not yet been moved there, owing to there not being as yet stable or barn for the horses.

A few days after Corliss moved into his new house, he, his wife, and his shepherd were all three murdered and the bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Corliss placed in the house and burned to the ground. The shepherd's body was found some distance away from the house. As soon as the murder was known, the next day, I think, an inquest was held by the justice of the Third Township, Elsie B. Williams, acting as Coroner. The jury was composed of two of his brothers who with him were neighbors of Corliss, and several Californians, but they could find no trace whatever of the murderers. The Williams brothers and their shepherd saw the light from the burning buildings, at night, but I think did not go down to see what it was, because they said they did not think it was Corliss' house although it was in that direction. As soon as the news arrived here it caused a very great excitement. The citizens got together at the St. Charles Hotel, and a vigilance committee of about fifty men was immediately formed. It was decided to send a posse up to the scene of the murder to investigate the circumstances and to act accordingly.

The posse was composed of fifteen men, and John Scollan was appointed captain and Thomas S. Martin, lieutenant. Besides these, there was a party sent up on the stage to arrest several suspected parties, and the mounted posse followed shortly after. Both parties were well armed and composed of determined men whose purpose was to make short work of the murderers if found. The party in the stage kept the curtains closed so that they were concealed

from view and no news of their coming would get ahead of them. The mounted party did not start out until dusk so that they might prevent anyone from getting ahead of them and warning the suspected parties. The men in the stage arrived at the Gaviota first and at once arrested a family by the name of Cota, one of whose members, usually called "Cabeza Blanca," was a known desperado, having already killed several men.

The other party overtook and arrested several suspicious characters on the road up, and one of them was chased several miles before he was captured. The Gaviota was made the headquarters, or camp. The posse began their labors at once. Some of them went scouring over the country for miles away, hunting up men whose testimony it had been decided to take; others took down the testimony; and some, after they had all visited the burnt house, went in search of the body of the shepherd. They remained there sixteen days altogether, and the result was the circumstances pointed very strongly to the Williams brothers as the murderers. A long and careful examination of the ruins of the house; the bodies of the victims, and the locality revealed the following facts: Mr. Corliss had been murdered in the house, and he had been stabbed, apparently, once in the left breast, and twice in the right side. He was lying on his back and his legs, arms and head were almost consumed by fire. His wife had been killed outside of the house, apparently while going toward the sheep corral. She evidently ran towards the dry bed of the brook and was first wounded as she reached a large upright rock which she ran around, as there were signs of blood all around it. Here she fell and was dragged by the feet to the house, a distance of two hundred or three hundred yards, and placed on her back on the floor near her husband. Her hoops were drawn up under her arms showing that she had been dragged by the feet. That she was still alive when dragged into the house was shown by the bloody points made by her fingers where she had held on to the edge of a long flat stone at the door. Her body was so badly burned that no traces even of wounds could be found.

The hinges of the door were found closed, and the key in the outer side of the lock, showing that the murderers had closed the door and locked it on the outside before setting fire to the house. The house had been robbed, as the only remains of provisions found were a few beans, a piece of bread, and a little flour; and it was proved that Corliss had laid in a supply of provisions for six months. The body of the shepherd was not found until ten days after, although parties were out searching every day. When found, about a half mile from the house and just off the road, the body was lying face upwards, between two rocks where it was wedged in. His hat was also lying between the rocks and part of his scalp was lying on it. The back of his neck was all black showing that he had been struck with some heavy weapon and had fallen between the rocks; his head had then been smashed with stones and his body turned face upwards.

Among the witnesses examined, a Californian woman, Ysabel Yorba by name, testified that one of the Williams brothers had asked her to put strychnine in Corliss' milk. She was a neighbor of both parties and furnished them every day with milk. Mr. Corliss had come down from Oregon with Stephen Williams, one of the brothers, but they had afterwards had a falling out, and the ill-will of the Williams brothers was further increased by Corliss' success in securing the stage station. They had felt so sure of getting it that they had gone to the expense of building a barn for the horses of the stage company.

The Cotas, at the Gaviota, felt bitterly towards Corliss for the same reason, but nothing could be found against them. After three or four days' examination of witnesses, and a careful and close scrutiny of everything about the locality of the murder, the majority of the posse was satisfied that the Williams brothers were the criminals. The Lieutenant, Thomas S. Martin, proposed to go up to the Williams at midnight, and arrest them, and take them out one by one and string them up until they confessed. He said that the oldest one, Bill, he was sure, would confess before they got the rope around his neck. The Captain, John Scollan, however, was opposed to any rash steps and said that he had been cautioned by Judge Maguire not to take the law in his hands but to act prudently and deliberately. Martin and others still persisted in their opinion, so it was put to the vote and Martin lost by one. For although all of them, even the Captain, were satisfied in their own minds of the guilt of the Williams brothers, the evidence was merely circumstantial and not sufficient to convict them in court, and this induced many of them to take the Captain's view of it. Stephen Williams was with the posse most of the time and was evidently considerably frightened. Martin, with some of the men, went to the house several times and found the other two brothers very nervous and excited, and Bill trembled so on one occasion that he could hardly pour the coffee for Martin and his men. Several Californians, of a bad reputation, were arrested and some of them who were suspected of knowing of the affair were hanged by the neck until they were well nigh strangled, but they all protested their ignorance. From twenty to thirty witnesses were examined and their testimony committed to writing by Captain Scollan, but I do not know what became of the paper. Nothing of importance was ascertained, other than the fact that one of the Williams brothers had suggested the poisoning of Corliss by putting strychnine in his milk. At the end of sixteen days, Martin, disgusted with this way of proceeding, returned to Santa Barbara, accompanied by a few of the posse, and the next day all the others returned.

This was the end of this affair, as no steps have ever been taken to make further investigation. The public generally, however, firmly believed the Williams brothers were the murderers, and it is frequently referred to as the Williams affair, instead of the Corliss affair. Old Bill Williams, as he was generally called, sold out to his other brothers soon after and left the country.

Steve became subject to fits of temporary derangement and has been known to get up in his night clothes, on one of the darkest and stormiest nights, leave his house and go down towards the Corliss house, yelling and raving. He seemed at times to have something that he wished to tell but couldn't. He sometimes imagined that he saw something before him but could not tell what it was. He and his brother Elize, with their shepherd, an Oregon Indian or half-breed, started north toward Tulare Valley with their sheep. In San Luis Obispo they hired a young man by the name of Stanner to go with them, and he murdered them while they were asleep in camp one night not far from San Luis.⁹² Young Stanner's mother was a Californian, but his father was an Englishman. After committing the murder, he returned to San Luis and, I think, wore the Williams' clothes and one of their watches. The bodies having been found, Stanner was arrested and their things were found in his possession. He confessed his crime and was tried in San Luis Obispo, and afterwards by change of venue in Kern County, where he was hanged. A brother of Mrs. Corliss came down here from Oregon some time after the murder and took charge of his brother-in-law's property. He made a great deal of talk about having another investigation, and was quite bitter against the Williams brothers, but for some unaccountable reason he had not been here long before he became friends with them.

Although I was not here in 1848, the particulars of the San Miguel murder were communicated to me by several parties and especially by my cousin [David] Streeter who assisted in the capture of the murderers. John Reed, an Englishman, and married to an illegitimate daughter of Genl. Vallejo, was living with his family at the San Miguel Mission in 1848. He took a large number of sheep up to the mines or diggings, as they were more commonly called in those days, that year and sold them at a large profit; returning home with a quantity of merchandise and considerable money. About this time, five men coming this way stopped at Reed's house overnight. He no doubt entertained them, as was his habit, with a relation of his private affairs, his fortunate speculations and investments including the last one of taking his sheep to the mines, and thereby led them to suppose that he had a large amount of gold in the house.

One of these was called Pete Raymond, a desperado, who had killed a man at Murphy's Camp and was pursued by the Vigilance Committee but managed to escape; another was a Swede or German called Joe Lynch; he was tall, slim, had deserted from Kearny's command at Fort Leavenworth and reached California before the General joined Frémont. In Los Angeles he gave himself up to Kearny, but the General told him to go to h—l, that he did not want him. Another's name was Sam Bernard. The other two were, I have heard, deserters from the *Warren*.

Leaving Reed's the next day at an early hour, the five men rode on some distance, it is supposed, and towards night returned and murdered the whole

family. I think that there were five of them altogether: Reed, his wife, a son, a midwife, and the shepherd. There may have been more of them. The next morning when people went to the house they found the victims piled together, trunks and boxes broken open and their contents scattered about, also considerable merchandise, such as dry good &c., which the murderers had evidently cared nothing about. The walls were also spattered with blood, and in a few places on the wall there were the bloody prints of a man's hand, probably the murderer's. It was found that the murderers had taken the road for Santa Barbara, and accordingly a man was sent to notify the authorities. They (the murderers) passed here and were seen some distance below here; which being reported, a posse immediately started after them. They overtook them near the Ortega hill, and at once gave chase, opening fire on them at the same time.

They chased them for some distance, a lively fire being kept up, to which the others replied. Finally, finding themselves hard pushed and with one of their number shot, they left the road and ran to the beach where three of them were captured, the other one having swum out into the sea and drowned after throwing a sack of money in the water.

The pursuing party lost one man, a Californian by the name of Rodriguez, commonly called *El Venado*. This was the same man that had received a bullet in his saddle while attempting to drive Talbot and his men out of the mission canyon in 1846. The three men captured were tried and sentenced to be shot. They were executed near the corner of De la Guerra and Chapala streets.⁹³ Don Cesareo Lataillade, son-in-law of Captain de la Guerra, and then Spanish Consul, was one of the party that captured the murderers. Some time after, for the purpose of cleaning one of the nipples, which was supposed to be plugged with a shot, he took the barrel from the stock and placed the butt end of it in the fire. The gun proved to be loaded [and] was discharged, and the contents entered the body of Lataillade, causing his death, in [1849].

I first became acquainted with Jack Power (not Powers) in 1848. He belonged to Stevenson's Regiment, a portion of which was stationed here in Santa Barbara. Among the soldiers he was considered a good sociable fellow ready for anything. Among civilians he would be considered a fast fellow generally. In the latter part of 1848 his regiment was disbanded and he, in common with many more of his stamp belonging to the same regiment, was turned loose on the community. After his discharge, he remained around here some time following the common profession, in those days, of gambling, until towards the close of 1848, when he went to the mines with his brother-in-law, a Mr. Hesperman, who was living here at that time. His sister was a very fine woman. He also had a brother here who had been a sergeant in the army. His brother had been a soldier in the Spanish army, fighting against Don Carlos. In the mines he wandered about from one digging to another, doing more gambling than mining until sometime in 1849 about August, I think, when,

having got together a few thousand dollars, say ten or fifteen thousand, he went to Stockton. He went up to the Dickinsons, one of the principal gambling houses, one evening, and in a very short time broke the bank. From this one he went to another large gambling house called the St. Charles and cleaned that out also. He continued to play all evening at different places and before morning had won \$175,000. I was then in Stockton, and the next day Jack came to see me and tell me of his good luck. He said, "I am going to New York on the next boat. I have now plenty of money to live on, and my poor old mother shall never want for anything."

He soon after went to San Francisco to take passage for New York. On the same boat from Stockton to San Francisco several of his gambling friends embarked, and by the time they reached San Francisco, they had induced him to try his luck again at "Monte," assuring him that with his extraordinary good luck he could easily win \$25,000 more and thus have a good round \$200,000 to go home with. He began playing, and ere long found his "pile" reduced to \$15,000. With this sum he left San Francisco, a poorer and sadder man, and of course gave up the idea of going home to New York. He wandered about the country from one place to another, gambling, horseracing &c., until sometime in 1851 when he happened to be in Santa Barbara. At a ball given in the house of a native family by the name of Calderon, he insulted some of the ladies present, so it is said, and the young men of the family set upon him, outside of the house, and stabbed and cut him almost to pieces. This laid him up for some time and had the effect of sobering him somewhat. He resolved to reform and settled down to a quiet industrious life. As soon as he was sufficiently recovered he went up to San Francisco and bought an outfit of agricultural tools, etc., and squatted on a piece of land at a place about three miles from Santa Barbara, called Arroyo Burro. He had tried to buy land of different parties but was unsuccessful. He bought a large number of hogs and started in the pork business. He was hardly started, however, before Richard Den claimed the land upon which Jack had squatted and ordered him to vacate it at once.

This Jack refused to do until he could prove his title to the land, as he still believed it belonged to the United States Government. The result was a suit, which was won by Richard Den. Jack still refused to leave, and a writ of ejectment was issued which the Sheriff ([W. W.] Twist) proposed to carry out. In the meantime several of Jack's countrymen and friends, among the latter a few Californians, advised him to resist, if necessary, by force, and that they would stand by him. Among these were Pat⁹⁴ and John Dunn, brothers, and John Burdell. The names of the others and of the Californians I have forgotten. Sometime in 1850, while Jack was starting his hog ranch, I met him one day, and in conversation he told me of his good intentions. He said that until he lay in bed all cut up he had never taken time to reflect on the life he had been leading. He then came to the conclusion that he had been

a bad man—not a criminal, for he had never committed any crimes—but he had been dissipated, and reckless, &c., and that he came to the determination to reform. He would quit all his old associates and become a quiet, honest, industrious citizen. In choosing a business in which to engage, he said, “I decided upon starting a hog ranch, and you see what has been the result. I tried to buy land, and no one would sell me any. Then when I squatted on what I am satisfied is Government land, they try to take that away from me. It seems as though the more I try to reform, the more people try to prevent me from doing so. If they let me alone I shall become a good man, but if they drive me to it I shall become a very bad and desperate man. Remember what I tell you, that if this land is taken from me, I will give up all hope of reforming.”

The day that Sheriff Twist proposed going out with an armed force to eject Jack and his crowd, some of Jack’s men came in and, riding up in front of the Sheriff’s office at the Aguirre⁹⁵ house, opened fire on him as he was standing in the door. Two bullets went but a few inches over his head; one of the bullet holes can still be seen in the side of the door. Hearing the shooting, a large number of citizens soon gathered to the support of the Sheriff, and put the attacking party to flight. In the fight, however, one of Power’s men, a Californian called Alejo Leyba, stabbed the Sheriff in the back, who shot Leyba dead on the spot. John Burdell, another of Power’s men, was killed by Chino Arellanes, a Californian. Sheriff Twist soon recovered from his wound. After this defeat, Jack and his party vacated the land and leased a part of the Laguna ranch in the Guadalupe valley, in the northern part of this county, where they removed their hogs, etc. From this time forth, however, Jack took but little interest in his hogs, and he soon became a thorough desperado. Between Santa Ynez and San Luis Obispo there was a lonely stretch of country, very sparsely settled, which was infested from about 1852 to 1855 with several gangs of cutthroats, mostly Californians and Mexicans. Through this section travellers were passing constantly, many of them cattle dealers, and hardly a day passed that did not bring the news of one or more bodies of Americans or foreigners having been found in that section. Besides these there were many, no doubt, whose bodies were never found. There are several living in this county yet who were undoubtedly members of these gangs. Solomon Pico,⁹⁶ who had vowed to kill every American he could, Sandini, and the Garcias,⁹⁷ made themselves a terror for years in this section of the country. Jack Power was more or less implicated in many of the crimes committed by these bandits. This we did not learn with certainty until long after, although we suspected him of being among a bad class. About 1853, if I am not mistaken, Jack and some of his companions took a portion of hogs to the new diggings at the Rio Bravo. Here John Dunn was drowned in crossing the river. After this Jack took no care of his hogs and they became scattered all over the country. In 1855 two or three of them wandered up to where

I was living and I took possession of them. Meeting Jack soon after, I told him about it and he assured me that I was perfectly welcome to them, as he did not intend to look after them any more. He also reminded me of the prediction he had made to me in 1850, that he would become a bad and desperate man. Jack's former companions left him little by little until he found himself with only the Californians and Mexicans for comrades. He was arrested once or twice, I believe, on suspicion, but by hard riding between dusk and dawn was able to prove an alibi. It has been said that he made the plans and his natives or Mexican comrades carried them out. He almost always was mounted on a De la Guerra horse, generally the best of their stock, and he usually put them to their speed; for it was his habit, so people said, as soon as a murder was planned, or executed, to ride rapidly all night, in order that the next morning should find him as far as possible from the scene of the murder. Until about 1855 he used to come boldly into Santa Barbara and remain for days. He even boasted at times of his exploits in killing persons, but no one believed him. Later, however, he began to be suspected, and once when he came into town a plan was made to arrest him. While the Sheriff was being notified of his presence in a restaurant, warning was sent to him from the De la Guerra house, and one of their horses carried him out of town. For three or four years, from 1851-52 to 1855-56, these bandits carried on with impunity their bloody occupation; but in 1856 the active and decided action of the various vigilance committees put a sudden and effective stop to their career, driving some out of the country and hanging and shooting others. Power's last crime was committed in San Luis Obispo County. I give it as I heard it from others.

Power and his gang engaged to sell a certain number of cattle to two Basques or Frenchmen, and to deliver them at the Nacimiento, in San Luis County. Accordingly, they collected the requisite number of cattle from among the neighboring ranches (taking them by stealth of course) and delivered them to the Frenchmen, who paid them there and then. They saw that the Frenchmen seemed to have plenty of money, so they determined to murder and rob them and allow the cattle to return to their grazing grounds. Having no one with them, the Frenchmen engaged Power and his men to drive the cattle to San Juan Bautista. Nothing could suit them better, so they agreed to drive the cattle, and in the meanwhile laid their plans to murder and rob the Frenchmen.

It was agreed that the first favorable night after getting into camp, they should in some manner stampede the horses, and that Power should remain in camp with one of the Frenchmen, while the rest went out with the other Frenchman to look after the horses. They would kill him, and Power, the one left with him. Shortly after leaving Nacimiento, this plan was carried out. The horses were stampeded, and one of the Frenchmen and Power's companions were out after them. They soon returned, having killed their man,

but found that Power had only wounded his and was wounded in return, and that the Frenchman had got away and was in the bushes nearby. Upon hearing this they swore they would kill Power if he did not go and finish his man. He did so, and after dividing the spoils the party separated. Power had been wounded in the leg and came down to Pat Dunn's at Santa Barbara, where he remained until he was well; an Irish doctor by the name of Barry attending him. As soon as he was able to travel he went to San Francisco.

Soon after, the citizens of San Luis, exasperated at the repeated crimes and robberies of these bandits, formed a vigilance committee and made it so unsafe for these desperadoes that those who had an opportunity escaped to Mexico and Lower California. Many of them, however, fell into the hands of the Committee and short work was made of them. Judge Murray⁹⁸ and Romualdo Pacheco⁹⁹ were, I believe, at the head of the committee, and after chasing the desperadoes out of San Luis Obispo County they continued their pursuit of them into Santa Barbara County. Francisco Garcia, alias "El Royador," concerned in the murder of the two Frenchmen, after leaving Power and the rest had made his way to the San Julian ranch where he was engaged as cook. As soon as news of the forming of the vigilance committee reached the ranch, he was advised to go to Mexico and was offered two good horses on which to make the journey, for he was assured that if he remained the committee would surely capture and hang him. Garcia refused to leave, saying that he was not afraid of being taken. When the committee came down they proceeded direct to the San Julian and took Garcia. A portion of them came on to Santa Barbara, and the remainder returned to San Luis with their prisoner. On the way, they by some means induced him to confess, when he told them everything, implicating Power and others. They then took him out and hanged him. Word was at once sent to the Committee in San Francisco to arrest Power, who was supposed to be there.

News reached here without delay of the confession of Garcia, when Pat Dunn wrote a letter to Power advising him of what had passed and sent it up by a young Jew by the name of Walter First, who was well acquainted in San Francisco. The steamer left the same day, and as soon as he reached the City, young First, taking it for granted that Power was in a gambling house, went to one of the principal ones, and found him at a faro table upstairs, with John Wilson, the Circus proprietor. He handed the letter to Power, who, having read it, exchanged a few words with Wilson and they both left the table and went out. On the stairs they met the police but passed them unmolested. Wilson kept him hid in his house for six weeks, and, although it was searched, they did not find him. At the end of this time he succeeded in chartering a schooner for \$1000, to take Power to Mexico. She passed out in the night and took Power to Mazatlan, I think, where he landed. From here he went into Sonora and, while owner or overseer of a ranch, was killed by his herders.

They split his head open with an axe and then cut it off, and when the body was found it was half eaten by hogs.¹⁰⁰

It was impossible for me not to have heard of Solomon Pico, as his name was a terror, from about 1852 to 1857 from Monterey south, but if I heard any stories relating to his individual exploits or crimes, I cannot now recall them. Under the pretext of hunting wild horses on the "Estrella" in San Luis Obispo Co., he, in common with many others, began his career of crime. His favorite haunts seemed to be along the road from Purisima Mission to Los Alamos ranch and even beyond, and there can be no doubt that many Americans were murdered, the majority probably in cold blood, by the cutthroat and his band. It was commonly reported, especially by his countrymen, in the hope perhaps of justifying his crimes, that he had been cheated out of his property by Americans and in consequence had vowed that he would kill every American falling into his hand. Be that as it may, he certainly spared no American.

Many of his own countrymen agree that he was cowardly and that most of these deeds were but assassinations, as his victim was often a solitary traveller; while the assailants numbered three or four, even more, and perhaps shot him from some place of concealment. Another report concerning him that is repeated by many of the Californians is that he made a rosary of American ears and that he gave it to a young Californian woman.¹⁰¹ Some there are among the natives who declare they saw it.

In 1857 the rumor was set afloat that Solomon Pico, then at the head of twenty men, had threatened to attack Santa Barbara, and it created no little alarm. I was tending Mr. Miner's store and at his request sent to San Francisco for sheet iron and lined the doors and shutters of his store. Others in town took measures of precaution, but it all proved unnecessary, as Pico never came. This was the last I heard of Pico in California. It was said that he had gone to Lower California. Later in 1862 or '63 I heard that he, with several other cutthroats and desperadoes, had joined General ——— in Lower California. Ascertaining their characters, he had eight of them, including Pico, taken out one morning before breakfast and shot, saying that such men were of no benefit to any country. Others say that he was killed by the Americans near San Diego about this same date.

In 1863 there were a great many Democrats, or more appropriately, Southern sympathisers, in this country; there being probably not more than forty or fifty true Union men in the whole country. The Californians, being natural enemies of the Americans, were as a matter of course in sympathy with the Confederates, simply because they thought they would gain the cause.

The Republican party was still young, and Judge Charles E. Huse¹⁰² was one of its leaders, and an active one too. When Don Pablo de la Guerra turned Union man for the sake of securing the office of district judge, Mr. Huse opposed him vigorously, in his speeches at Los Angeles, when he showed him

up in his true colors, and in consequence made bitter enemies of this family in particular and of the Californians in general. The De la Guerra family had heretofore ruled Santa Barbara, so to speak, and they realized that the organization and growth of the Republican party in Santa Barbara meant the reduction if not total destruction of their political power, and consequently every Republican was their enemy.

Some time after the election, an incident occurred that increased their hatred for Mr. Huse. Steve Williams, one of the brothers referred to in the Cruces affair, while at the "San Carlos" one evening proposed the health of Jeff Davis, which was drunk by all present excepting a few Union men who, owing to disparity of numbers, dared not show their feelings. The following day, however, one of them complained to Mr. Huse, then district attorney, and an affidavit was made and signed by the complainant, and Williams was arrested. He was brought before Judge Cooley, but he had not the courage to prosecute him and he was discharged. Williams was then paying attention to one of the De la Guerra family, by whom his arrest was taken as a personal affront. They determined to get rid of Mr. Huse, and accordingly sent him a note threatening to proceed to extreme measures if he did not leave the town within a certain time. To this no heed was paid, whereupon a party of them, mostly Californians, when [went] to his house, it is said with the intention of hanging him. One of the numbers invited him to come out, but he refused, probably suspecting harm was intended. They made no further demonstration at this time, and were effectually prevented from again visiting him by a guard of ten or fifteen well-armed and determined men who kept a nightly watch in Mr. Huse's house for two or three weeks. In the daytime there were also a few always on guard.

The Californians were loud in their threats, but beyond this they took no action to molest Mr. Huse. At the end of this time, Captain Copeland with some two hundred soldiers arrived here and took up quarters in a house near the site of the present Court House where they remained six or eight months. Their presence sufficed to prevent any further disturbance.

The native Californians were, when I came here in 1843, a simple, honest, and somewhat industrious people. They were contented and happy because their wants were few and their wealth of cattle more than supplied them. They were kind and hospitable to the stranger, even beyond belief. A foreigner in those times could travel alone, and a perfect stranger to all, from San Diego to San Francisco and experience nothing but courtesy and kind treatment. Their honesty was such that a load of gold could, with safety, be conveyed from one end of the country to the other without any guard whatever. There was no imprisonment for debt in those days, and no mortgages. If a man contracted a debt, no matter for what amount, his word was good for it. If in rare cases it was necessary to compel a man to pay, the debtor had the privilege of paying in produce, or in cattle; the prices of various classes

of both being fixed by a legal tariff. Schools were rare in those days and consequently the people were not as a rule educated, but their ignorance made them content with their lot. They knew how to tend their cattle and horses, and in a rude way to cultivate such portion of their lands as was necessary to supply them with fruit, grain and vegetables; beyond this they cared for nothing. They were peaceable and quiet and the disturbances, both political and private, that occurred were directly or indirectly attributable to the Mexican element, especially the Sonoreños. They were a strong, active and healthy people, their food simple and wholesome, their habits regular and temperate. They were excessively fond of dress and amusements of all kinds.

The discovery of gold in California wrought a wonderful change in their characters. The influx of rough characters from all parts of the civilized world, consequent upon the announcement that the precious metal existed here in such an abundance, exposed the simple Californians to many dangers, not to speak of the ill treatment and the advantages taken of their simplicity. Many of the '49ers came by the Southern trail and passed through the country from San Diego to the mines. The majority of these rough, reckless men had little respect for the persons or property of the Californians. The generous hospitality of the latter was often repaid with insult. A party would ride up to one of their ranches and with their curses demand shelter and provision for themselves and horses; and perhaps upon leaving, instead of paying for what they had been provided with, they would help themselves to whatever struck their fancy and carry it off with them. This treatment embittered them [the Californians] towards the Americans and together with other causes prevented their reconciliation to the American occupation. In those times they made no distinction in the nationality of foreigners, and called "Americanos" all those whose language differed from their own. The by far greater portion of the Californians were very ignorant of business, and perhaps this has been one of the greatest sources of their misfortunes. It has exposed them to the numberless traps that have been laid by the designing and unprincipled foreigners to cheat them out of their property. The Land Commission, full of defects as it was, also contributed to defraud them, when its object was to protect them in the possession of their lands. Between the poor, ignorant native and the lordly Commission, in too many cases the only medium of communication was the lawyer, often crafty and dishonest, who in securing the approval of a title took half of the land as his fee, or even more when the pretext of appeal could be used to advantage.

In countless other ways have their simplicity and ignorance been taken advantage of to the impoverishment of their estate. The Californians have always been, like all their race, passionately fond of gambling, and they are equally so of display in all their surroundings. Subsequent to the discovery of gold, their large herds of cattle suddenly rose in value from five to ten-fold. They are also naturally improvident, taking no heed for the morrow. Selling

their cattle they found themselves possessed of such sums of money as they had never dreamed of before. Now they had the means with which to gratify every whim, every desire, and no thought of what they would do when their money was spent troubled their present enjoyment.

In the flourishing towns that were springing up and in the old ones that had received new life from the product of the mines, they saw displayed a variety of wares that they had not even heard of, and with an ignorance of value, that the merchants were not slow to profit by, they purchased whatever pleased their eye.

The gambling tables that could be found everywhere also received their attention, and no doubt they were usually the losers, for the American or foreign gambler was generally the sharpest. When their ready money was gone they found abundant credit, especially among the Jews. The Ishmaelite would say in his most suave manner: "Your credit is perfectly good with me. Anything you see in my store you can have as a good bargain." With their natural improvidence they would buy everything they needed and many things they did not need, and perhaps would give permission to some relative to take things on their account. This would continue until the account ran up into the thousands, with no one can tell how many things put down that were never taken, for the Californian kept no account. When the Jew presented his bill, in lieu of cash he would persuade the poor Californian to give him his note. "Just a matter of form," the Jew would assure him. This secured, he would next propose that he give him a mortgage on his ranch, as he was about to retire from business. The mortgage, on short time and with high interest, would be given to the Jew who would sell it in San Francisco, and later the buyer would come down and sell the poor Californian out. This same thing was done time and time again.

The Californian of today is an American citizen in name only. He still maintains his characteristics and his language. His sympathies are as entirely with the Mexicans as they were thirty years ago. He does not assimilate with the Americans. His feeling towards the Americans is never less than antipathy, and is more generally hatred, latent though it may be. The Californians join reluctantly in the celebration of our independence, while they are enthusiastic in the celebration of that of Mexico.

I certify that the foregoing statement is correct to the best of my knowledge and recollection.

Signed
WM. A. STREETER

Santa Barbara, Cal.,
Nov. 27, 1878

NOTES

76. José Antonio de la Guerra.

77. Benjamin Hayes was once district judge at Los Angeles, later a resident of San Diego, and for years a collector of historic data. He placed his entire collection of valuable material in H. H. Bancroft's hands, and then continued to add to this as if it were his own. His collection constituted a large part of original materials in the Bancroft Library. Bancroft, *Literary Industries*, 3, 17, 1890, pp. 471-44. From notes in the possession of J. Chauncey Hayes, Jr., grandson of Judge Hayes, a book, *Pioneer Notes from the Diaries of Judge Benjamin Hayes, 1849-1873*, was printed in Los Angeles in 1929.

78. Judge Henry A. Leftt took his seat as judge of the second judicial district on August 3, 1850. See J. D. Mason, *History and Topography of Southern California* (San Francisco: Thompson & West, Oakland, 1881), p. 79. At the date of his appointment he was 26 years of age and was residing at Nippon. He served but one year as judge of the Second Judicial District of California which, by act of April 11, 1851, embraced the counties of Santa Barbara and San Luis Obispo, and included what is now Ventura County as a part of Santa Barbara County. See Stokes, *op. cit.*, pp. 10-11, also C. M. Gihney, *History of Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo, and Ventura Counties, California* (The Lewis Publishing Co., Chicago, 1917). Leftt was drowned in 1852 at Port Harford while leaving the boat on which he had come from Santa Barbara where he had held his last session of court.

79. Mrs. Ord's name was Maria de las Angustias de la Guerra. She first became the wife of Manuel Jimeno Casarin and later of Dr. J. D. Ord. Her intelligence is attested by her *Occurrences in California*, dictated by her in 1878 and now in the Bancroft Library. This is an accurate and fascinating narrative of life in California. Bancroft, *History of California*, IV, 692, 771.

80. His full name was Don Carlos Antonio de Jesus Carrillo. He was born in Santa Barbara in 1783 and held many offices under the Spanish and Mexican governments. In 1807, his brother obtained for him, from Mexico, appointment as governor, but Alvarado would not surrender the office, and later received the official appointment. To help mollify feeling over this, he and his brother, Antonio, were given a grant of Santa Rosa Island in 1813, both of whom concurred with their views. Don Carlos died in 1852. Bancroft, *op. cit.*, II, 744; Mason, *op. cit.*, p. 45.

81. Anastasio was born in 1788. Like his brother, Carlos, he held many military and civil offices. He was the grantee of Cieneguita rancho. Bancroft, *op. cit.*, II, 743; Mason, *op. cit.*, p. 45.

82. Don Joaquin was the son of Domingo and a nephew of Don Carlos Carrillo. Bancroft, *op. cit.*, II, 744.

83. It seems hardly correct to say that Pedro Carrillo never became a man of any great prominence. He was distinguished as the grantee of Alamos y Agua Caliente rancho and of Camulos. In 1846-47 he favored the Americans from the beginning, and so much so that Pio Pico wrote to the home government on October 27, 1846, that "the enemy daily wisely invents a thousand means of sedition in order to win the Californians . . . attaching themselves to the United States." Don Pedro married Josefa of the famous Baudin family. He served as *alcalde* in Santa Barbara in 1848 and later as town surveyor. In the 50's he took an active interest in civic and political matters, became collector at San Pedro and at San Diego, and finally was made surveyor of the Port of Santa Barbara at Santa Barbara, an office which he held for seven years, until removed by Mr. Lincoln to make place for Dr. Samuel B. Brinkerhoff. Bancroft, *op. cit.*, II, 746. For information concerning his removal, see *Santa Barbara Daily News*, January 25, 1917.

84. In 1844, José was grantee of the Las Pintas rancho. In the battle of San Buenaventura in March, 1848, along with other prominent people of this district, he was captured but he escaped only to be recaptured at Santa Ana. In 1845-46 he was captain of the auxiliary cavalry and acting commander at Santa Barbara. Bancroft, *op. cit.*, II, 745.

85. Father Ordaz, born in Spain in 1792, arrived in California in 1820. He served at

the missions of San Francisco, San Miguel, Santa Ynez, San Gabriel, La Purísima, San Buenaventura, San Juan Capistrano, and at San Fernando from 1838-47. Lively and good natured, with a natural fondness for women, he became involved in scandal at times and had to face the reprimands of his superiors. After 1848 he was the only survivor of the Fernandinos. He died in 1850. Bancroft, *op. cit.*, IV, 759; Engelhardt, *op. cit.*, III, IV.

86. Father Gonzalez (José María Gonzalez Rubio) came to California from Zacatecas in 1833. He was one of the few Zacatanos who, in ability, missionary zeal and purity of life, was the equal of the Spanish Fernandinos. From 1846-50 he was the chief ecclesiastical authority in California until the arrival of Bishop Alemany in 1850. Gonzalez was outstanding in missionary administrative capacity and was president of the Santa Barbara college of Franciscans, 1858-72. Bancroft, *op. cit.*, III, 760; Engelhardt, *op. cit.*, III, IV.

87. Raimundo Carrillo was successively clerk at Santa Barbara Mission, administrator, sub-prefect, and secretary of juez. He was grantee of San Miguel rancho and Najoqui, elector of Santa Barbara in 1845, *comandante* in 1846, and *alcalde* in 1849. Bancroft, *op. cit.*, II, 746-47.

88. James P. Casey was the alleged murderer of James King of William, editor of the San Francisco *Bulletin*, but Ned McGowan was supposed to be an accessory to the shooting and was sought by the Vigilance Committee of San Francisco. McGowan made his way to Santa Barbara, where an account of his arrival and reception was printed in the Santa Barbara *Gazette*, July 20, 1856. Very shortly he was hunted in the De la Guerra gardens, in the tules and in the mountains. McGowan had the assistance of Jack Power who led him into the hills above Santa Barbara. He was concealed for a time near Gaviota, by General Covarrubias, an old friend, and other prominent Santa Barbarans. Dr. Nicholas Den of the Dos Pueblos rancho also is said to have entertained and concealed him. It appears that Pablo de la Guerra freely entertained the Vigilance Committee that came seeking him, in order to delay their search; and in order to throw them off the trail, Power joined the leading citizens in keeping many rumors going as to McGowan's whereabouts.

It appears that McGowan went to Sacramento where he had at least an interested reception and where the legislature passed a bill granting him a change of venue for the trial of murder that hung over him. However, he was never tried, and he lived for some years in fair health, bragging much to friends of his wondrous escapes. See Mason, *op. cit.*, pp. 105-8; Mary Floyd Williams, *Papers of the San Francisco Committee of Vigilance* (Berkeley, c. 1919), pp. 332, 333, 336, 337, 349; Edward McGowan, *Narrative*, S. F., 1857; H. H. Bancroft, *Popular Tribunals*, S. F., 1887, II, 244, 248; S. A. Coblentz, *Villains and Vigilantes*, N. Y., 1936, pp. 32-38, 151, 194.

89. Nicholas Augustus Den, an Irishman of good family, was a physician who arrived in Santa Barbara in 1836 aboard the *Kent*. He became a permanent settler in Santa Barbara where he was a most popular stock raiser of considerable wealth and excellent reputation. In 1840 he applied for naturalization. Shortly after this, he married a daughter of Samuel Hill. Between 1842 and 1843 he was a grantee of the Dos Pueblos and San Antonio ranchos. He was very prominent in the civil affairs of Santa Barbara, being collector in 1842 and *alcalde* in 1845, in which year he was also lessee with his father-in-law of the Santa Barbara Mission for \$1,200 per year. In 1846 he was grantee of San Marcos rancho, though it appears he later lost it. See Bancroft, *History of California*, IV, 542, 553, 642, 644; V, 558, 632-33; Mason, *op. cit.*, pp. 46, 47. He died in Santa Barbara at the age of fifty years.

90. His given name was Francisco, and he had come to California with a definite sentence of ten years of presidio work in chains and to be shot should he move from the place assigned to him. Despite the fact that he was charged with a robbery in 1833, he was freed on the expiration of his sentence in 1835. His record for robbery and cattle thievery was notorious. When his career had finally been ended, in the manner Streeter relates, his granddaughter, one of the few mourners, cried because the Americans allowed her grandfather to die when a little earth under his feet would have saved him, alluding to

the fact that on the morning when he was found hanging from a tree, his feet were very close to the ground. See Bancroft, *op. cit.*, III, 16, footnote.

91. George Nidever was a famous trapper of the Rocky Mountains who came to California with the Walker expedition in 1833. He settled in Santa Barbara in 1834, and, when not absent on trapping expeditions along the coast, resided in Santa Barbara until his death in 1883. His feats of marksmanship, sea otter gathering, and the rescue of the woman who had lived alone for 18 years on the Island of San Nicolas have given him fame. The story of his life was dictated to Edward F. Murray for Bancroft in 1878. This narrative was edited and published in 1937. See *Life and Adventures of George Nidever*, edited by William Henry Ellison (University of California Press, 1937).

92. Reference was made to the murder of the Williams brothers in the Santa Barbara *Daily News*, February 15, 1937, in connection with the death of A. Bascom Williams in his 98th year. The article states, "He was 27 years old, when the war of the states closed. He came west, summoned by word that his two brothers, one Santa Barbara's first school teacher, the other the community's first tailor, had been slain while they slept by a jealous Indian sheep-herder, who, with several herders, was assisting them in driving the Williams' sheep from their Las Cruces ranch, thirty miles west of here, to the high Sierras, to escape the drought that caused heavy live-stock loss over the coast."

93. In the absence of civil and military authority, a voluntary commission of three men, Lewis T. Burton, Captain Robbins, and Henry Karnes, was chosen to try them. The men were sentenced to be shot in military style, three guns to each man. The men fell dead at the first fire, and the bodies were interred at the Mission by the padres who attended them in their last moments. Governor Mason did not approve of the proceedings, and planned to try the men who acted in this case, but the affair was dropped. Mason, *op. cit.*, pp. 77-78.

94. Pat and John Dun (or Dunn, or Dunne) are frequently confused. It is not certain that they were brothers. John was drowned in crossing the Kern River, in 1855. Bancroft, *Hist. Calif.*, II, 786.

Patrick Dunn was born in Maine in 1825, arrived in California in 1846, went to Sonoma very soon after his arrival, was one of the daring men who went to rescue the Donner party, worked as a printer, and published a paper in Sonoma. He went to Tucson, Arizona, in 1851, published a paper there, was interested in mines, became a member of the legislature, and was even probate judge. His reputation in California, and in Santa Barbara, where he resided on a ranch, is vitiated by his relation to the Power's gang. In this connection, he was in a shooting at the De la Guerra plaza, for which he was tried and in which he pleaded self-defense. The trial, which lasted twenty-one days, ended in disagreement, as did also a second trial in Los Angeles. At another time he tried to murder a man named Tom Martin, shooting at him with two barrels loaded with slugs, but he failed in this attempt. He was tried and sentenced to two years. Power planned to rescue him at the boat that was taking him away. Twenty-five deputies were sworn in and ordered to shoot. Although there was a gang of Power's men, the transfer was safely made. Dunn died in Arizona in 1866. See Mason, *op. cit.*, pp. 86-87; Bancroft, *Hist. Calif.*, II, 786.

95. José Aguirre, a native of Spain and a rich trader, made Santa Barbara his home after 1838. He married a daughter of José Antonio Estudillo, and on her death married her sister. He was the owner of a rancho, possessed wealth, and built a fine adobe residence in Santa Barbara. Bancroft, *op. cit.*, II, 688.

96. Nothing is known of Solomon Pico before 1848, but he was the son of José Dolores Pico, and the claimant of a rancho on the Tuolumne as a grant to him in 1844. After 1849 he became a noted highwayman and murderer in the region of San Luis Obispo and Santa Barbara. He later went to Lower California where he was put to death by official orders, in 1860. See Mason, *op. cit.*, pp. 84-85; Bancroft, *op. cit.*, IV, 779.

97. One of these was Anastasio García, a desperado, who killed Joaquin de la Torre and several other men in the Santa Barbara region in 1855. Another was Francisco García who was hanged near San Luis Obispo about 1855. Bancroft, *op. cit.*, II, 752.

98. See note 54. Walter Murray was by trade a printer. He went among the first to the

mines in 1848 and established the Sonora *Herald* in 1852. In 1853 he settled near San Luis Obispo where he practiced law, established the *Tribune*, and was a representative of the district in the legislature. He was appointed judge of the first district in 1873, and held that position until his death in 1875. Bancroft, *op. cit.*, IV, 750.

99. Romualdo Pacheco, who was educated in Honolulu and remained there several years, returned to California and settled on his mother's land in San Luis Obispo. From 1853, for some twenty-five years, he held such offices as assemblyman, state senator, county treasurer, judge, and lieutenant governor. He was also elected to Congress, but was not admitted. From 1848-85 he was probably the most prominent of the native Californians. Bancroft, *op. cit.*, IV, 764.

100. For further information concerning Power see Mason, *op. cit.*, pp. 84-86.

101. Murray originally wrote, then scratched out, "to Catharina, daughter of José Antonio Nuñez of Los Alamos."

102. Judge Charles E. Huse was born in 1825 and graduated from Harvard in 1848. Soon after the gold discovery, he came to California. His extensive knowledge of law and law forms, together with his ability to speak Spanish, German and Italian, made him invaluable in cases involving persons of different nationalities. Judge Joaquin Carrillo, who served as district judge for fourteen years with little knowledge of the English language, was greatly assisted in giving justice to litigants by the able assistance of Huse. As district attorney, or even when serving as counsel, the court always relied on him in matters of form and proceedings. Likewise, the supervisors referred to him many matters connected with bills, board for prisoners, prices of improvements, etc.

His first official service was in April, 1853, when he was appointed county clerk. He was elected district attorney in 1854, and held the office for six years. Though the country was Democratic, and Huse was a Whig, the Democrats left the ticket vacant and wrote his name in.

He was always public spirited, and gave encouragement to road-building, railroads, harbor improvement, educational development and churches. He did much to promote harbor development in Santa Barbara, and he demonstrated the availability of petroleum for propelling steam vessels and for reducing the refractory ores of the silver mines of Nevada. He was one of the first to grasp the idea of petroleum resources of southern California. He was a good writer, a natural orator, a congenial and polite friend, a church worker, and he enjoyed music and literature as recreations. See Mason, *op. cit.*, pp. 166-67.

BOOK REVIEWS

SUTTER THE MAN AND HIS EMPIRE by James Peter Zollinger, Oxford University Press, New York, London, Toronto, 1939. xx + 374 pp., including index, bibliography and notes. \$3.50.

In the introduction to *The Diary of Johann August Sutter*, published by the Grabhorn Press in 1932, this reviewer stated, "No figure in the swift moving story of the West has been more loosely written about. He has been dramatized, caricatured, idealized. By some he has been raised to the heights of a superman; by others lowered to the status of a befuddled drunkard. The truth regarding Sutter is seldom spoken. . . ." But now that Mr. Zollinger's scholarly biography, based on hitherto unexplored sources, has appeared, it must be admitted that at last we are in possession of the truth. Others have been willing either to accept Sutter's own fantastic story of his early life or have ignored it; not so Mr. Zollinger. By painstaking research he has not only uncovered the hidden past of the "Lord of New Helvetia" but has carried the reader through the events of Sutter's little known last years. In all he has presented a critical study of his subject in such readable form that, in this centennial year of Sutter's landing in California, we have before us a living picture of the man, a real flesh and blood individual, which is understandable and satisfying.

To the California Historical Society's *Quarterly* of March, 1935, Mr. Zollinger contributed "John Augustus Sutter's European Background," which was the first authentic account of Sutter's early life to appear in print. Being a Swiss himself, for Mr. Zollinger was born in Switzerland and educated in Zurich, he had the advantage over his American and French contemporaries in pursuing his study of the character of his subject, a fact which is quite evident not only in his article in the *Quarterly* but in the complete biography. There is no guesswork in his delineation. His Sutter is thoroughly Swiss and not an attempt to create a fictional character. Nor has Mr. Zollinger rushed into print with a book designed solely to please. While he presents Sutter's good traits, he does not either hide or gloss over his faults. The feeling of the reader when he comes to the last page is that while his guide has been most entertaining and has neglected nothing of importance he has told his tale with restraint, a restraint due to strict adherence to fact, and that this life of Sutter is a definitive biography.

It may safely be said that Mr. Zollinger's patient study, extending over years, has produced one of the most needed and important additions to Californiana to appear in recent times. With it on library shelves the clutter of misinformation regarding the man Sutter, whose name will always be associated with the discovery of gold in California, will disappear. Mr. Zollinger has done California a great service which it would be difficult to overpraise.

DOUGLAS S. WATSON

SAN FRANCISCO'S LITERARY FRONTIER. By Franklin Walker. New York: Alfred Knopf, 1939. 400 pp. \$5.00.

California, between 1848, when gold was discovered, and 1869, when the transcontinental railroad was completed, was an isolated frontier which gave birth to its own manners and *mores* reflected in its literary culture. Isolated fragments of that culture have been studied by many contemporary scholars but until the appearance of this book no attempt has been made at a fully rounded presentation of the background and the way in which it affected the writers spawned during those turbulent years.

Mr. Walker has taken a large subject, and he has treated it well. His thesis is that suggested by Bret Harte in his emblem for the *Overland Monthly*, which Mark Twain declared was "the prettiest fancy and the neatest that ever shot through Harte's brain," the bear, symbol of California's frontier, standing on a railroad track snarling at the approach of Eastern civilization, the first overland locomotive. It is improbable that Harte fully recognized the ironic significance of his emblem; Franklin Walker certainly does. As long as California was isolated, it could, and did, develop an indigenous culture, but once the railroad had come it was only a branch of New York's civilization. Even if Governor Stanford's hammer did miss the last golden spike in the transcontinental railroad, he surely hammered down the end of California's frontier culture.

Some of the literature of the period, such as Bret Harte's stories, neglected the underlying significance of the pioneer society, choosing rather to depict its superficial and more romantic aspects. But there were plenty of authors whose minds were jogged to full and honest representation of the scene. They lived through a synopsis version of America's economic and cultural development, and took care to record it. The range of subjects, in both prose and poetry, was surprisingly extensive. There were, Mr. Walker points out, four main forms—humorous sketches, poems, local color stories, and factual articles. Of these the last was the most constant and the greatest in volume. Any man in the mid-nineteenth century, whether in Massachusetts or in California, would have contended that an informative tract was worth a dozen fanciful novels or decorative poems; particularly was this true in a new country which was concerned with investigating and explaining itself. Not that all men were materialists, asserting that art was secondary to fact, for, as Mr. Walker shows, if John S. Hittell was representative of the frontier mind so was Josiah Royce. Still, the frontier developed an attitude towards historical writing which was based simply on the application of commercial methods and the division of labor. H. H. Bancroft, the practical business man, organized his history factory, where scholars and assistants sifted sources and turned out summaries and indexes which needed only to be digested and synthesized by Bancroft to create his thirty-nine volume history of the West. Thus was the history of a civilization set on paper before the civilization itself had disappeared from view.

To present his detailed record of San Francisco's early literary activity, Mr. Walker has chosen the social-history approach, in preference to writing a series of detached biographies. He has selected eight major characters whom he analyzes and evaluates in relation to the time and the place which formed them. Four of these—Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Ambrose Bierce, and Joaquin Miller—are well known. Four are less prominent: Ina Coolbrith, Charles Warren Stoddard, Prentice Mulford, and Henry George. Around these he builds his narrative, which shows that though each was an individual, all were molded by their frontier background.

Bret Harte, who sensed the possibilities of the West for fiction, disdained its society and remained daintily aloof. The frontier appreciated him more than he appreciated it. His unduly fastidious critical faculty restrained his creative urge, and he remained too meticulous to turn out prose whose very crudities would make it representative of the time and the place. Twain, on the contrary, entered into the burlesques and horseplay

enjoyed by the frontier journalists. Although he passed beyond this to become a social censor and amateur philosopher, he retained the true frontier idiom and manner in his story telling. Bierce's misanthropy was also latent in his participation in journalistic mock-feuds, and like Twain, he became one of the few satirists, who, Mr. Walker says, "refused to sell out during the Gilded Age." But a brief residence in England made him a pronounced Anglophile who execrated split infinitives and democracy alike. The romantic Joaquin Miller, part Barnum and part Byron, saw to it that his flamboyant actions satisfied the rest of the world as one facet of the West. He said, "It helps sell the poems, and it tickles the duchesses."

Of the lesser figures, there is the mysterious and attractive Ina Coolbrith. Mr. Walker fails to make much of a case for her as deserving mention among his big eight, but no one will begrudge her inclusion upon reaching the final chapter, which is the best of all, and discovering what a magnificent symbol he makes of her. Stoddard, the girlish, confused poetaster, is a precious secondary writer, but admirably illustrative of the turbulence of the times. Prentice Mulford, who described the period in his autobiographical sketches and burlesqued mining life in the *Compressed Novels*, is the only one of the eight who seems too thin to warrant such emphasis. His change from a humorous journalist to an occult Theosophist is interesting, but hardly deserves the attention bestowed on it. The last of the group, Henry George, is certainly one of the most significant; of all who observed and commented on the times, he alone neither accepted them nor was turned to escape or to bitter misanthropy.

These are the main subjects treated by Mr. Walker but he goes far beyond presenting them as isolated though important figures. They are deftly woven into a fabric which contains many minor but equally illustrative characters, who are placed in relation to the social and cultural background of these turbulent years. This pattern was at the mercy of the railroad, whose coming changed both Western society and the attitude of its writers. With the linking of the West and East the early period ended, becoming a subject for reminiscence. Significantly, as Mr. Walker points out, "Bret Harte's *The Luck of Roaring Camp and Other Stories*, Mark Twain's *Roughing It*, and Joaquin Miller's *Songs of the Sierras* all appeared within three years of the completion of the railroad."

The frontier itself was dead, but in retrospective fiction it flourished abroad all the better. The old days were gone and Parnassus was no longer the sun-baked slopes of Virginia City. One by one the writers left California—first Mark Twain, then Harte, Mulford, Miller, Bierce, George, and Stoddard. Though some returned, it was to a land which was no longer a frontier but rather an outpost of Eastern society.

JAMES D. HART

WESTERN HISTORY

*A Check List of Recent Items Relating to California and the West**

[BANK OF CALIFORNIA]

A Series of Historical Advertisements Commemorating the Founding of the Bank of California—In Its Seventy-Fifth Year. [San Francisco, 1939.] [24] pp. [Contains woodcut reproductions of historical scenes.]

BISHOP, F. B.

Drake's Course in the North Pacific. In *British Columbia Historical Quarterly*, Vol. III, No. 3, July, 1939, pp. 151-82.

*Readers will confer a favor by furnishing out-of-the-way items for notice in this department. We shall cite books, pamphlets, broadsides, magazines, and important newspaper articles of historical value. Send to the Secretary the items themselves or a card with the title written in the form used here.

COOLIDGE, DANE

Old California Cowboys. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co., Inc., 1939. [ii] + 158 pp., ill. \$2.50.

CORDES, FREDERICK C. (translator)

The State of California, a Medico-Geographical Account by Dr. J. Praslow. San Francisco: J. J. Newbegin, 1939. \$3.00. [A translation from the German edition published in Göttingen in 1857. Dr. Praslow practiced medicine in San Francisco from 1849 to 1856.]

DAWSON, GRACE S.

California: The Story of Our Southwest Corner. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1939. xii + 212 pp., illustrated by Loren Barton. [Stories for children, ages 8 to 12.] \$2.00.

FOREMAN, GRANT

Marcy and the Gold Seekers; the Journal of Captain R. B. Marcy, with an Account of the Gold Rush over the Southern Route. University of Oklahoma Press, 1939. xiv + 433 pp., map. \$3.00.

[HARKER, GEORGE MIFFLIN]

Morgan Street to Old Dry Diggings in 1849. [Letters describing his journey to California with Milton Rains Elstner and Theodore R. Keyes under the foregoing title are printed in Missouri Historical Society *Glimpses of the Past*, Vol. VI, Nos. 4-6, April-June, 1939.]

HASKELL, ALBERT G.

A Rosary of California's Early Spanish Missions for the Indians on El Camino Real. From original paintings by Will Sparks. [San Francisco, 1939.] [32] pp. 50 cents.

HAWTHORNE, HILDEGARDE

Romantic Cities of California. New York and London: D. Appleton-Century Company, 1939. xviii + 456 pp., col. front., illustrated by E. H. Suydam. [Includes San Diego, Long Beach, Los Angeles, Hollywood, Pasadena, Santa Barbara, Monterey, San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley, Ukiah, Weaverville, Sacramento, Placerville, Auburn, Grass Valley, Nevada City, Fresno, etc.] \$6.00.

HOY, WILLIAM

The Story of Kong Chow Temple. [San Francisco, 1939.] 16 pp.

JACKSON, JOSEPH HENRY

Tintypes in Gold; Four Studies. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1939. [x] + 191 pp. Decorations and endpapers by Giacomo Patri. [Entertaining account of the sagas of four highwaymen who flourished in stagecoach days—Black Bart, Tom Bell, Rattlesnake Dick and Dick Fellows.] \$2.50.

MILLER, MAY MERRILL

First the Blade. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1939. [xi] + 631 + [1] pp. [A novel concerning the early settlers in the San Joaquin Valley.] \$3.00.

ODELL, RUTH

Helen Hunt Jackson. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company, 1939. xv + 326 pp., ill. [Much material on the locale, personnel, and inspiration of "Ramona." Contains a 65-page list of Helen Hunt Jackson's writings.] \$3.00.

ROBINSON, W. W.

Ranchos Become Cities. Pasadena, California: San Pasqual Press, 1939. 243 pp., illustrated by Irene B. Robinson. Introduction by Dr. Robert Glass Cleland. \$2.75.

SACRAMENTO GUIDE BOOK

Published by the Sacramento Bee, Sacramento, 1939. [vii] + xi + 220 + [1] pp., folding map, ills. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00. [An important addition to Califor-

niana. Very well illustrated with reproductions from early woodcuts, lithographs, and photographs, as well as photographs of modern Sacramento. A mine of historical information relating to Sacramento and a guide to the present city. With a colorful folding map of Northern California.]

SCHERER, JAMES A. B.

"The Lion of the Vigilantes," William T. Coleman and the Life of Old San Francisco. New York: Bobbs-Merrill Company [1939]. 335 pp., ill. \$3.50. [This interesting and important book will be reviewed in the next issue of the *Quarterly*.]

STEWART, GEORGE R.

Take Your Bible in One Hand. The Life of William Henry Thomes. San Francisco: The Colt Press, 1939. 67 + [1] pp. \$3.00. [This very attractively printed book gives the life of Thomes, who came to California first in 1843 as a sailor before the mast (aged 16), when he spent some time sailing up and down the coast, again for the Gold Rush in 1849, and for the last time in 1885.]

U. S. WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION

Federal Writers Project. American Guide Series. California: A Guide to the Golden State. Sponsored by Mabel R. Gillis, California State Librarian. New York: Hastings House, 1939. xxxi + 713 pp., ill. with many photographs. \$3.00.

—History of Music in San Francisco Series, Vol. 3. The Letters of Miska Hauser—1853. [xiv] + 177 + [50] pp., ill. [Mimeographed.]

—San Francisco Theatre Research Monographs [Mimeographed]. Laurence Estevan, editor. Volume 9, XIX: The French Theatre in San Francisco, pp. 1-107. XX: The German Theatre in San Francisco, pp. 108-50 + appendices, pp. 151-202. Volume 10, XXI: The Italian Theatre in San Francisco, 150 pp.

WHEAT, CARL I.

Trailing the Forty-Niners through Death Valley. In Sierra Club *Bulletin*, Vol. XXIV, No. 3, June, 1939, pp. 74-108. [Also reprinted as a pamphlet.]

GIFTS RECEIVED BY THE SOCIETY

June 1, 1939, through August 31, 1939

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS

From BANK OF CALIFORNIA—*A series of historical advertisements commemorating the founding of the Bank of California*. [San Francisco, 1939].

From MR. ALBERT M. BENDER—Browne, Lewis, *The final stanza*, S. F.: Book Club of California, 1929; Hedley, George, *Books, backgrounds and foregrounds*, Mills College, 1939; [Johnson, James], *Printers' flowers* [S. F., 1933]; Johnson's *New comic songs*, S. F.: D. E. Appleton & Co., 1863; Leavens, Robert F., *Let us pray*, Mills College, 1939; *A rosary of California's early Spanish missions . . . from original paintings by Will Sparks* [S. F.]: Old Mission Publishing Co.; Put's *Original California songster*, S. F., 1868.

From BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY—Scherer, James A. B., "*The lion of the Vigilantes*," William T. Coleman, N. Y.: Bobbs-Merrill Co. [1939].

From CALIFORNIA CHINESE PIONEER HISTORICAL SOCIETY—Hoy, William, *Kong Chow Temple* [San Francisco].

From CALIFORNIA STATE DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION—*California History Nugget*, Vol. V, Nos. 4, 5, 6, Jan., Feb., March, 1938.

From DORRANCE & COMPANY—Macartney, Clarence E., and Dorrance, Gordon, *The Bonapartes in America*, Philadelphia: Dorrance and Company [1939].

From MISS STELLA HUNTINGTON—Rinder, Reuben R., *Tribute to Wallace Arthur Sabin*, S. F., 1938; *National Geographic Magazine*, March, 1936.

From MISS FLORENCE R. KEENE—Archer, Kate R., *Tumbleweed trail* [S. F., 1936]; Bonner, Leighton, *Argosies and other sonnets*, Sonnet sequences, June, 1933; Coblentz, S. A., *The pageant of man*, N. Y., 1936; Gibbs, Ralph E., *Songs of content*, S. F. [1903]; Gray, Ruby A., *Hail friend!*, N. Y., 1930; Hoffmann, Hans A. (ed.), *Poets of the western scene*, San Leandro [1937]; Lampson, Robin (ed.), *The poetic viewpoint* [scrapbook of newspaper clippings]; Northe, J. N., *Though sunsets die* [Ontario, 1937]; O'Donnol, Dion, *Eggs in a blue bowl*, L. A., 1937; O'Donnol, Dion (comp.), *Winged cargoes*, L. A., 1938; Realf, Richard J., *Poems*, N. Y., 1898.

From ALFRED A. KNOFF, INC.—Walker, Franklin, *San Francisco's literary frontier*, N. Y.: Alfred A. Knopf, 1939.

From A. T. LEONARD, JR., M.D.—*Album of Sutro Heights*, San Francisco, California; *A souvenir of Sutro Heights*, S. F.: Golden Era Company, 1886.

From THE MACMILLAN COMPANY—Dawson, Grace S., *California: The story of our southwest corner*, N. Y.: Macmillan Co., 1939.

From MRS. MAY MERRILL MILLER—Miller, May Merrill, *First the blade*, N. Y.: Alfred A. Knopf, 1938.

From MONTANA STATE UNIVERSITY—Historical reprints: Partoll, Albert J. (ed.), *After the Custer battle*; Howard, Helen A., *Diary of Charles Rumley from St. Louis to Portland, 1862*.

From RANCHO SANTA ANA BOTANIC GARDEN—Wolf, Carl B., *Other species of California Cupressus as substitutes for Cupressus Macrocarpa (Monterey Cypress)*, Santa Ana, 1938.

From U. S. WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION—History of music in San Francisco series, Vol. III, *Letters of Miska Hauser*, 1939; San Francisco Theatre Research, Vol. IX and X, Monographs: *Foreign Theatres*, Parts I and II, 1939.

From MR. HENRY R. WAGNER—Alaman, Mr., *Translation of a despatch from, Minister of Foreign Affairs, to M. De Gorostiza, Minister of the Mexican Republic in England, March 5, 1830*, London, 1830; *Analysis of the memorial presented by the Secretary of Treasury to the First Constitutional Congress of the United Mexican States: . . . report of the financial committee of the chamber of senators*, London, 1825; *Esposicion que dirige al Congreso General, el ciudadano Juan Gomez Navarrete, como albacea del . . . Agustin de Iturbide, promoviendo el cumplimiento del decreto de la Junta Soberana Guvernativa de 21 de Febrero de 1822*, Mexico, 1832; Farley, Rev. Charles A., *The moral aspect of California* (Sermon, San Francisco, Dec. 1, 1850), N. Y.; McDermott, Hugh F., *Poems epic, comic, and satiric*, S. F., 1857; McKinley, Henry J., *Brigham Young: or, The Prophet's last love*, S. F., 1869; Missouri Historical Society, *Glimpses of the Past*, Vol. VI, Nos. 4-6, April-June, 1939; Voris, W. R., *Notes on some early Grabhorn items . . .*, Tucson, Arizona, 1939.

From MR. CARL I. WHEAT—Wheat, Carl I., *Trailing the forty-niners through Death Valley*, S. F., reprinted from *Sierra Club Bulletin*, June, 1939.

PICTURES AND MAPS

From MR. FRED J. BOWLEN—Photographs of Alexander George, S. F. Fire Dept., and Charles P. Duane, Chief Engineer, S. F. F. D.

From MRS. RUBY BRAMALL—Photographs (6): Looking south from Cliff House, S. F.; Fort Point and Golden Gate, S. F.; Cliff House, S. F.; Big Tree, Humboldt County; Harbor of Point Arena, Humboldt County; view of redwoods, Point Arena, Humboldt County.

From MR. A. S. MACDONALD—Photographs: San Francisco from corner of Market and 6th streets, looking northeast; St. Mary's Hospital, South Beach, San Francisco, 1865.

From MR. W. E. PLANK—Photographs: Aaron M. Sargent; Ice-bound vessel, possibly the cutter *Bear*.

From MR. HENRY R. WAGNER—Etchings by H. C. Ford: Santa Barbara Mission, 1887; Santa Barbara Mission, 1888; Mount Lassen.

MISCELLANEOUS

From MR. ALBERT M. BENDER—Bill of John Rosenfeld for coal, S. F., February 2, 1865; various broadsides, invitations, etc.

From CALIFORNIA TEACHERS ASSOCIATION—San Francisco *Chronicle*, July 17, 1888.

From MESSRS. ALLEN L. CHICKERING, CHARLES S. CUSHING, JOHN D. GALLOWAY and JAMES K. MOFFITT—63 scrapbooks containing newspaper clippings gathered by Adolph Sutro, beginning before the Sutro Tunnel controversy and ending with the period of his administration as Mayor of San Francisco.

From MR. JOHN FINN, JR.—Relic of pioneer days (probably a distaff) found on Cold Stream Grade, about a mile east of Donner Lake.

From MR. WILLIAM C. LATHAM—Check drawn on Bank of California, July 25, 1870; Check of Adolph Sutro on Bank of Nevada, July 10, 1897.

From A. T. LEONARD, JR., M.D.—Adolph Sutro material, including bills, telegrams, checks, pay rolls, calling cards, advertisements, printed letters and circulars.

From MR. A. S. MACDONALD—Many newspaper clippings on historical subjects.

From MAJOR F. I. MASLIN—Newspapers: *California Fruit Grower*, *State Journal of Horticulture*, San Francisco, Dec. 20, 27, 1890; typewritten copy of speech made by Major Maslin's father, concerning the character of the California gold-seekers.

From MISS FRANCES M. MOLERA—Receipt for Post Office box rent, San Francisco, Oct. 30, 1855.

From CAPT. R. E. O'NEILL—5 copies of *News Letter and Wasp*, June-August, 1939; Typewritten copies (4): Biography of Capt. W. G. Dana; list of land grants in Santa Barbara Co.; letter concerning Purisima Mission after the 1812 earthquake; and stories and traditions of pirates and privateers along the coast of California.

From MR. W. E. PLANK—Records of old California Historical Society (6 volumes): scrapbooks of notices of meetings, invoices, dues payments; address book, library accession book, draughts on treasurer.

From MR. BRUCE PORTER—Fabric woven from silk made by silk worms in California, 1865.

From MR. HENRY R. WAGNER—MS document (in Spanish) concerning Abel Stearns, on Government printed paper, signed by Fr. Jⁿ. A. Alejo Bachelot, July 11, 1836; Proclamation of José Figueroa, "*A los habitantes de los partidos del Fuerte y Simoloa*," Villa de Fuerte, Jan. 16, 1827, printed in Guadalajara; Photostatic negatives: *Discurso pronunciado por el Señor Gefe Politico de la Alta California Coronel D. Mariano Chico* . . . Junta Departamental el 27 de Mayo de 1836, printed by Agustin V. Zamorano, Monterey, 1836, and *Al bello secso. Los empleados de la Aduana Maritima*, printed by Agustin V. Zamorano, Monterey, July 17, 1836; Typewritten copy of *Ley para el uso de papel sellado, Año de 1843*, in Los Angeles County Archives.

From MR. S. I. WORMSER—Bill-head of Wormser Brothers, San Francisco, March 21, 1860.

MEETINGS OF THE SOCIETY

The Society held a luncheon meeting at the Sir Francis Drake Hotel on Tuesday, June 20, 1939. The speaker was Frank L. Fenton, of the San Francisco State College, and his subject, "The Rise of the San Francisco Theater." After sketching the chronological development of theater properties and alluding to their promoters, Mr. Fenton gave a searching analysis of the elements that contributed to make San Francisco one of the outstanding theatrical centers of the world in the space of a very few years. He assembled a number of social and racial forces that worked to this end and made a well rounded presentation of his story.

There were forty-one members and guests present.

On Tuesday, August 22, 1939, Fred. B. Rogers, Major U. S. Army, Retired, addressed the Society at its luncheon meeting at the Hotel Sir Francis Drake. His topic was "Soldiers of the Overland." Under this title he reviewed the career of General Patrick Edward Connor and his command of California troops during the Civil War. He gave a brief, but detailed account of the raising of the troops, their march to Salt Lake City and their disposition for the protection of the Overland Mail route and telegraph lines. He also gave an account of the campaigns that took them away from their stations to punish marauding Indians. A portrait in oils of General Connor and a contemporary map of the region were shown by Major Rogers as well as a diagram of the expeditions made by the command.

There were forty-eight members and guests present.

ANSON S. BLAKE

In Memoriam

MILTON H. ESBERG

1875-1939

Milton Herman Esberg, patron member and member of the Board of Directors of the California Historical Society, died at Monte Rio on July 19, 1939. He was born on May 17, 1875, in San Francisco, the son of Mendel and Matilda [Hirschfeld] Esberg, and was educated at the University of California, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Literature in 1896. He was a member of Beta Gamma Sigma and the Order of the Golden Bear. On May 1, 1901, he married Miss Caroline Sloss Lilienthal, of San Francisco. He is survived by his widow and two sons, Milton H. and Ernest L. Esberg.

Mr. Esberg was one of the outstanding business and civic leaders of the State. He was vice president of the General Cigar Company and a director of

Pacific Lighting Corporation, Southern California Gas Corporation, Pacific Portland Cement Company, Southern Pacific Golden Gate Ferries, Ltd., and Investment Properties Corporation. He was one of the founders of the San Francisco Community Chest and of the Opera Association of San Francisco. He was a director of the Opera Association, the Musical Association of San Francisco and the San Francisco Conservatory of Music. He had been decorated as a Cavaliere of the Crown of Italy and was a member of the Bohemian, Family and Olympic clubs.

With the passing of Milton H. Esberg, the California Historical Society lost a patron, a director and an enthusiastic member of long standing.

SIDNEY COE HOWARD

1891-1939

Sidney Coe Howard, one of America's leading playwrights and scenarists, died August 23, 1939, on his farm near Tryingham, Massachusetts, when a tractor he was cranking lurched forward, pinned and crushed him against the garage wall. Born in Oakland, California, on June 26, 1891, he was the son of John Lawrence and Helen Louise [Coe] Howard. Graduating from the University of California in 1915, he continued his study of dramatic writing in George Pierce Baker's 47 Workshop at Harvard University. He received the degree of M.A. from Harvard University, and an honorary Litt.D. from Washington and Jefferson College, in 1935.

His first dramatic success was *Swords*, produced in New York in 1921 with Miss Clare Eames, niece of Mme. Emma Eames de Gogorza, in the leading rôle. This association led to their marriage on June 1 of the following year. They were divorced in March, 1930, and Miss Eames died, in London, the following November. On January 10, 1931, Mr. Howard married Leopoldine Blaine Damrosch, daughter of Walter Damrosch, the conductor.

A systematic and energetic worker, his dramatic successes were many and included the 1925 Pulitzer Prize Play, *They Knew What They Wanted*, *The Silver Cord*, *Alien Corn*, *Yellow Jack*, *The Late Christopher Bean*, and *The Ghost of Yankee Doodle*. He was also the translator and adapter of many plays from other languages. His many screen adaptations included *Bull Dog Drummond*, *Arrowsmith*, *Dodsworth*, and *Gone With the Wind*.

He was president of the American Dramatists Guild, a director of the American Civil Liberties Union, and a member of the Society of American Dramatists and Composers, American Academy of Arts and Letters, National Institute of Arts and Letters, Authors League of America, and Beta Theta Pi. He was a member of the Century, University, and Harvard clubs of New York.

In addition to his widow, he is survived by one child by his first marriage, three by his second, his mother, a sister, and three brothers.

PERSONALIA AND MARGINALIA

With the publication of the June issue of the Society's *Quarterly*, the chairmanship of the Publication Committee was relinquished by Mr. Douglas S. Watson, because of his pending removal to Los Angeles. The new chairman is keenly aware of the responsibility of maintaining the standing and prestige the *Quarterly* has enjoyed under preceding chairmen. It is hoped the membership of the Society will note no falling off in either interest or scholarship in the content of future publications.

It is a pleasure to welcome the return to our pages of Mr. Carl I. Wheat, a former chairman of the Publication Committee. His paper on explorations in Death Valley after the Forty-Niners is a companion article to his *Trailing the Forty-Niners Through Death Valley*, which appeared in the *Sierra Club Bulletin* for June, 1939.

To the June, September and December, 1938, issues of this *Quarterly*, Mr. George Walcott Ames, Jr., contributed a series of letters, dated February 11, 1846, to July 8, 1848, written by Lieutenant Archibald H. Gillespie to the Secretary of the Navy. These letters, uncovered in the archives of the Navy Department, proved of absorbing interest. Unfortunately, the series was incomplete. The remaining letters, with one exception, have been located by Mr. Richard R. Stenberg and are published in this issue. Diligent search for the one missing letter—dated, Tepic, February 3, 1846—has produced no results. It is probable this letter was lost in the Mexican overland mails and never reached its destination. Mr. Stenberg [Ph.D., Texas, 1932] has been a teacher of history and government in various Southern colleges and universities and is now an employee of the Federal Government in Washington, D. C.

Mr. Warren R. Howell, well known for his many services to the Society, has become a member of the Publication Committee and taken over the check list of western history. We hope this can be developed into a regular department of increasing service and value to our readers. Unfortunately, space is not available for many reviews of new works in our field, but we do hope to include careful appraisals by qualified persons of one, two, or three new books each quarter.

Among our new members are noted the following:

George H. Kress, M.D., is Secretary of the California Medical Association.

Eliot Grinnell Mears, Professor of Geography and International Trade in the Graduate School of Business Administration, Stanford University, is the author of *Maritime Trade of Western United States*, published by the Stanford University Press in 1935.

Mrs. May Merrill Miller is descended from pioneers who came to California during the gold rush. Her novel, *First the Blade*, published last year by Alfred A. Knopf, is based on the stirring events connected with the settlement of the San Joaquin Valley (in which she was born).

Mr. Robert M. Searls is the grandson of Niles Searls, who came across the plains to California in 1849, was District Attorney of Nevada County, 1852-55; Judge of the 14th Judicial District, 1856-62; Supreme Court Commissioner, 1885-87 and 1893-97; and Chief Justice of the California Supreme Court, 1887-88. Mr. Searls is also the grandson of the Rev. William C. Pond, the author of *Gospel Pioneering*, who came to California in 1853 and was pastor of the Bethany Congregational Church in San Francisco for over fifty years.

Loren B. Taber, D.D.S., is a descendant of two Forty-niners, Jacob G. Moore and John Douglas; and as part of a compilation of biographies of early California dentists which is being assembled by a special committee of the California State Dental Association, he is writing the biographies of two San Francisco dentists who came to California in 1849—Drs. Henry D. and James L. Cogswell.